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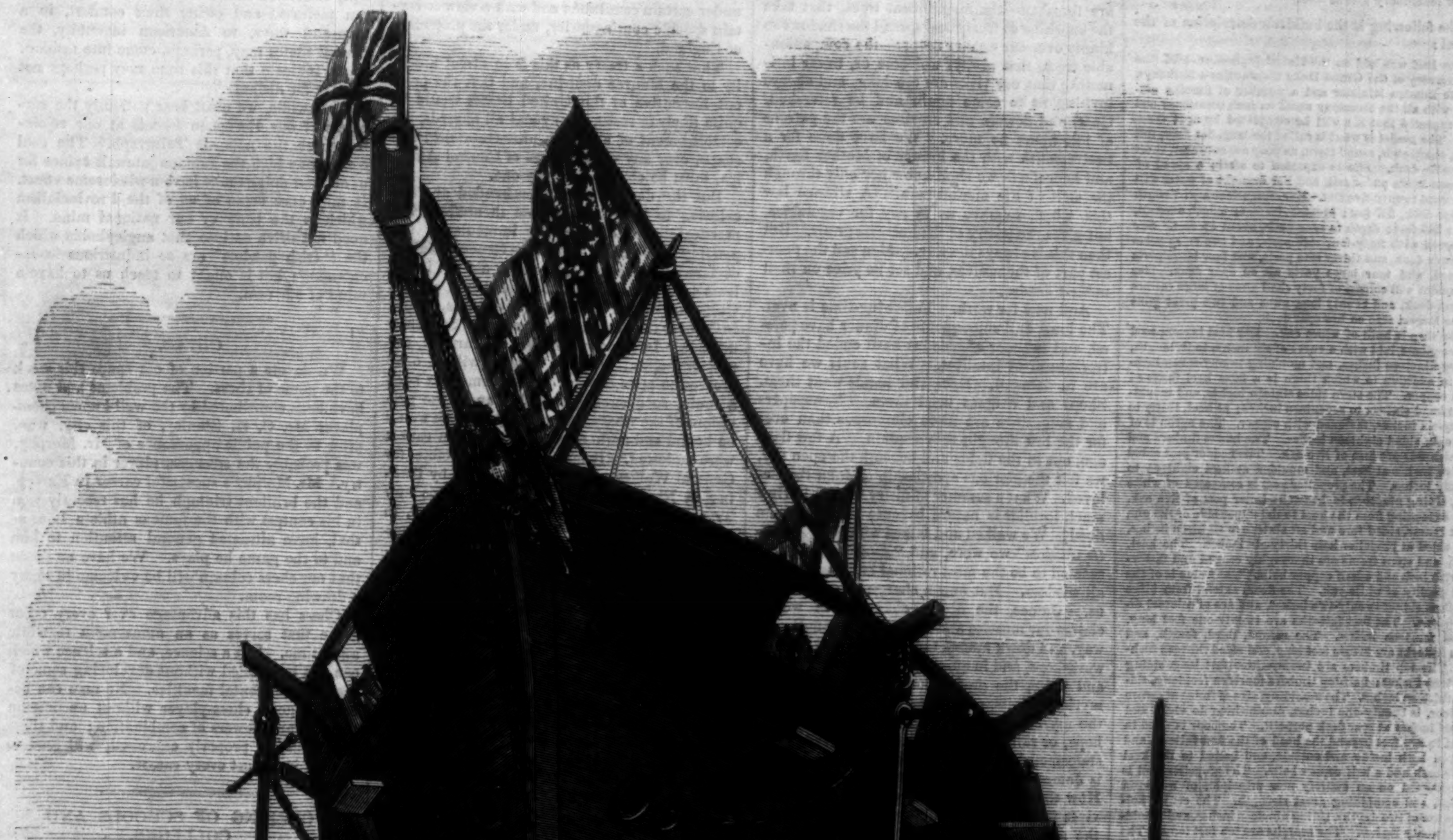


LAUNCH OF THE "GENERAL ADMIRAL," THE LARGEST WOODEN SHIP IN THE WORLD, FROM THE SHIP-YARD OF W. H. WEBB, OF NEW YORK.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "GENERAL ADMIRAL."

ON Tuesday, September 21, the largest wooden ship in the world was launched from the ship-yard of Mr. William H. Webb, on the East River. The vessel is the *General Admiral*, a man-of-war, built by Mr. Webb for the Emperor of Russia. Our illustration on the preceding page will give a good idea of the monster vessel as she glided into the water. A reporter thus briefly describes the launch:

> "At twenty minutes past eight o'clock the ways were cleared, and, amidst the shouts of the assembled thousands, the *General Admiral* slowly and steadily glided into the bosom of the East River. Her progress, however, was slightly checked by an admirable contrivance of Mr. Hinman's, which consisted in a 'drag' formed by a mass of iron chain formed into loops, weighing nearly nine thousand pounds. This was attached to a cable of forty-five feet in length; and the moment the vessel floated the 'drag' was let go, and tended to retard the further progress of the frigate. The steamers *W. H. Webb* and *Achilles* were soon around, and hugged their new companion as close as possible. She was then towed to the dock, where nearly three thousand people disembarked. After landing her first 'live cargo' the *General Admiral* proceeded to the dock at the foot of the yard, from whence she will be taken to the Novelty Iron Works, where her motor machinery will be fixed."

The following is the builder's description of the vessel:

The keel was laid on the 21st of September, 1857 (the anniversary of the Grand Duke Constantine's birthday), by the Russian Minister and a number of Russian officers, with all the ceremony usual on such occasions; and it is expected that she will be completed by next October. The model is what is called the long, flat floor, full bilge, sharp ends, round stern, no poop nor cutwater, short forecastle deck. She is expected to attain a speed of fourteen knots under sail, and her draught of water will not exceed twenty-five feet. Her dimensions are: Length on spar deck, 307 feet; breadth, 55 feet; length over all, about 325 feet; depth to spar deck, about 34 feet. She is pierced with forty-four side ports, and two stern ports on lower deck, and thirty side ports, and four large ports forward, and four large ports aft on spar deck. Her armament will consist of forty shell guns of large calibre on gun deck, and twenty long guns and two pivot guns of the largest size on her spar deck.

The ship is built of white oak. Her keel is composed of two pieces, laid with a curve of six inches in its length, siding nineteen inches, and moulding twenty-seven inches; in addition to which there is a false keel fastened with copper. The stern sides sixteen inches, and moulded at head sixteen to seventeen inches; at heel, thirty to thirty-six inches, fastened with copper. The apron is of live oak, sided eighteen inches. The hawse timbers and night-heads are also of live oak. The rudder post sided twelve inches at keel, and moulded at keel eighteen to twenty inches. The propeller post is composed of white oak, siding nineteen inches—the inner post of live oak, also extending from the keel to the upper side of the gun deck beams, sided fore and aft sixteen to eighteen inches, and sided at propeller hole thirty-six inches. The keel, stem, and stern frame are thoroughly coaged and fastened with inch and a half copper bolts. The frame is of the best quality of white oak. The floors extend from bilge to bilge, siding twenty-two inches, and are of colossal dimensions. The first futtocks are twenty-one feet long, sided fourteen inches. The second, third, fourth, and fifth futtocks are fifteen feet long, and sided thirteen inches. The top timbers are twenty-three feet long, siding thirteen inches; half-top timbers fourteen feet long, siding thirteen inches. The moulding, size of frame at centre of floor, is twenty-one inches, diminishing to eight and a half inches at spar deck port-sill. The floor is filled in solid to two feet beyond the head of the first futtock, and calked both inside and outside, and bolted to the keel with inch and a half copper bolts. The propeller well is constructed on an entirely new principle, of hectagon shape, and combining great strength. The centre kelsons are of two depths, siding nineteen inches, and moulding twenty inches. The scarphs are ten feet long. The kelsons are coaged to the frame, and to each other, and to the dead-wood, with live oak coags and 1¼ copper bolts drawn through and riveted on the under side of the keel on composition rings. The sister kelson is of white oak, 16 by 16; the scarphs seven feet long, and fastened to the floor of main kelson with lignumvitæ coags and nine-eighth inch copper bolts. The dead-woods forward and aft are of white oak siding, eighteen inches, coaged and fastened with copper bolts drawn through and riveted. The boiler kelsons are in two depths and two breadths, each 15 by 17, and extending well forward and aft. The engine kelsons are of live oak, coaged to the frame and to each other with live oak coags, and fastened with copper bolts. The port-sills are also of live oak. The frame is double-braced with iron plates, 5 by ⅞, placed about seven feet apart, and extending from two feet below the first futtock-head to the spar deck frame, and fastened to timbers with inch iron bolts drawn through and riveted on outside of the timbers, and riveted to each other at the crossings. There is also an immense iron truss or cord plate, 6 by 1¼ inch, running at the top of these braces all around the vessel, fastened through the ends, and riveted outside of the timbers. There are two courses of 5 by ⅞ inch iron plates on the outside of the timbers, at the end of the spar and gun deck beams; also iron plates on the outside, aft by the rudder post, 4½ by ⅞ inch. The beams of the spar and gun deck are secured at the fore and main masts, and around the propeller well, with 5 by ⅞ inch iron bolts, running diagonally from side to side of the ship, with their ends bent and fastened to the timbers of the frame. The ceiling in the hold is of pitch pine, ten inches thick to the head of the second futtock, and thence to berth deck clamps, eight inches. The breast-hooks are of white oak, of great length, siding fifteen inches, and fastened with inch and a quarter copper bolts driven from the outside and riveted on composition rings. The *General Admiral* has four decks. The orlop deck beams are of pitch pine, siding thirteen inches, moulded ten inches, decked with 6 by 3½ white pine; the berth deck beams of pitch pine, sided sixteen inches, moulded fourteen inches, and decked with white pine 6 by 4; the gun deck beams pitch pine, sided seventeen and a half inches, moulded fourteen inches, decked with pitch pine 6 by 4½; the spar deck beams sided fourteen inches, moulded at fourteen and a half inches, decked with pitch pine plank 6 by 4½. All the hanging knees to the decks are of white oak of unusual size, thoroughly fastened with nine-eighths and ten-eighths iron bolts run from the outside of the timbers and riveted on the face of the knees on iron rings, those of the spar deck being dagger knees. All the stancheons to these decks are of locust, having iron bolts passing through them, thus securing the beams of the deck to each other, and to the bottom of the vessel. The outside plank is about half on, and is of white oak. The beam plank is of white oak. The garboard strake eleven inches thick, rabited into the keel. The next strake is nine inches thick, and the next seven. These strakes are bolted laterally to the keel and to each other with galvanized iron bolts, and to the frame with inch copper bolts riveted inside, and 1¼ locust treenails wedged on the inside. The bottom plank is five inches thick. The main rail is of white oak, seven inches thick; and her bulwarks are planked up solid. She has hammock rails extending from the foremast to the mizzen-mast.

The *General Admiral* will be propelled by two direct horizontal engines, each cylinder of which will be eighty-four inches in diameter, and three feet nine inch stroke, with a nominal power of 800 horse, but an actual horse-power of about 2000. The propeller will be nineteen and a half feet in diameter, and is one of Griffith's patent, and can be raised out of the water at pleasure. She will have six horizontal tubular boilers, which are now building at the Novelty Iron Works. The ship will be rigged as fully as if no steam was to be used.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

BUSY AUTUMN.

AUTUMN has sometimes been called the Sabbath of the year. But it is any thing else than a Sabbath to most people. Dog-days, Newport days, Saratoga-days are over, and every body who believes in the Decalogue is again hard at work. The trees, our best summer friends, are forsaken—the magnificent trees, that take the sunshine so freely and spread the shadows so kindly over our weaker nature—the companionable trees, that always welcome us, never intimating that our visits are too long, and always inviting us to come again and be refreshed. Grass and flowers and streams are the patrons of idle hours no more. We have done for a twelvemonth with the luxury of Mother Earth, and henceforth we shall know her only through the stall of the market-man. A strange law this, which requires us to pay for vegetables, but gives the poetry of the universe gratis. But then this is always the way. Men sell the poorest part of themselves, and set no price on their noblest deeds.

And now for work. Fallowing-time is over. The long, dull subsequents of dinner have passed, and summer afternoons have ended the interregnum of intellect. What souls we have are in demand. Eyes and hands want them. Shops and cargoes need them. Newspapers and magazines are more clamorous than ever for the last thought they contain. A few days ago, out in the fields and beneath the open sky, we felt the glorious apostleship of John the Beloved. What a summer ministry was his! How much lovelier is nature because that one man lived! We walked and talked with him. "*Little children*" we were, and "*Love one another*" seemed to be the most rational and inspiring of all wisdom. But now a change has come over us. James, the divine champion of works, claims our muscles and spirit. All along Broadway, and down among the wharves, and in noisy workshops, and in quiet places where men think and write, the great apostle of labor has his myriad pulpits, and in myriad forms preaches the myriad-minded truth, that faith, or love, or hope, or saintliness, or genius, or patriotism, or statesmanship, without works is dead. Autumn is James's Epistle, rewritten in visible nature. How the instinct of work suddenly, strongly revives with the first coolness! How the frost in the air, the morning freshness, the elastic air, send a new vitality into the conscience, and make work and works pleasant and good!

The spirit of work returns to every man of soul in the autumn. Its beautiful divineness then appears most impressive, for there is something in this season that presents work rather as a gospel of tenderness than as a law of rigid exactions. Summer is meditative and musing. All the contemplative race are children of the sun, and no one ever knew a very reflective man who did not love summer shadows and summer silence, and owe much of his thought and imagery to them. Summer reproaches the in-door taste. The sky has a certain remote look, the landscape is enriched with a broad and free expansiveness, the mountains rise majestically, and the stars how gloriously distant! Summer makes the universe grand to the senses. Walls and roof are an imprisonment. But autumn lessens those charms of nature that depend on magnitude. The scenery wears a vail, the air is hazy, and nature discusses metaphysics with the poet. Autumn calls us from contemplation to action, and shall we view it only as a coincidence that the instinct for in-doors and the instinct for work should co-operate at this season? Here there is one of those quiet, Quaker-like, unobtrusive correspondencies, that are so often met with in nature. Most of our work lies in-doors. Trades mainly go on under cover and within walls. Law, medicine, teaching, preaching, are still more under the law of seclusion. And it is a happy thing that, as the great season of human activity opens, the attractions of external life should diminish. Nature emphasizes this provision. She puts a good deal of her executive power into it. If we except the farmer and a few other out-of-door men, the most of us are born to the toil of in-door confinement, and nature is gracious in abating her bewitching charms to reconcile us the better to the companionship of bricks and mortar. The great majority of persons feel a gentle tinge of melancholy in autumn. Nature sobers and saddens them. How unconsciously to us is this benevolent office discharged! Little as we think of it, nature is then withdrawing us from the joy and glory of the outward world and fitting us for the confinement of labor. If it were not for this arrangement work would be a much severer doom. Autumn and winter go far to reconcile us to the law of toil. How many more ways than we know of has nature to bless us!

THE BRITISH TREATY WITH NICARAGUA.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with a variety of rumors respecting the renewal of General Walker's filibustering designs on Nicaragua, we learn that Sir Gore Ouseley, the British Envoy to Central America, has concluded a treaty with that State which may prove the source of as many diplomatic complications as the famous Clayton-Bulwer treaty itself. By this new bargain, it would appear, British subjects not only gain admittance to the soil, ports, and markets of Nicaragua on the same terms as the citizens of the most favored Powers, but Great Britain is empowered, in the event of Nicaragua proving incapable of protecting the transit line from ocean to ocean, to land her troops and keep the peace herself. In other words, Nicaragua has placed herself, under certain conditions and with a view to certain specific contingencies, under the protection of England.

That such a treaty as this is in direct hostility to the Monroe doctrine, and that the present Executive of the United States would be quite likely to resist, at any and all hazards, the establishment of a British protectorate, in any shape, over any of the States of Central America, must be obvious to every one.

But the danger to be apprehended and the collision to be feared are not theoretical, but practical; not ultimate, but immediately impending. Not many days since General Walker declared, with an emphasis which did not in the least look like bravado, that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Leon de Nicaragua. Early in October the *Hermann* is expected at San Juan del Sur. In the event of her safe arrival, the new Nicaragua Transit Company will at once proceed to open the route. It seems that such a route, so opened, would fall under the provisions of the treaty, and that the English would be bound and authorized to protect it in case it were molested. It only remains, therefore, for General Walker to execute his threat by landing in Nicaragua, and to deal with this new Transit Company as he dealt with the last, in order to bring about a British military occupation of the transit route across that State.

There is no reason to believe that either the British people or their Government seek a collision with the United States. Most certainly, in this country, no one desires further trouble with England. But how a very serious dispute—to use mild terms—could be avoided in the event we have foreshadowed, it is not easy to foresee. With the most direct route between the Atlantic and Pacific States in the hands of foreigners, the national interests would not be safe. And no Administration could afford for a moment to tolerate such an occupation as the new Anglo-Nicaraguan treaty seems to contemplate.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND.

ARTICLES have appeared in several London journals expressive of astonishment at the enthusiasm aroused in this country by the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. Some of them mingle sarcasm with their manifestations of surprise. All admit that there was no excitement in England at the receipt of the intelligence of the success of the Telegraph; in the words of a leading journal, "no Englishman congratulated his neighbor on the event," and "not a farthing dip was lit in all England in honor of the cable."

We hope that by this time the New York *Herald* and the other newspapers which insisted, some time since, that the success of the enterprise was hailed with as much joy in England as here have discovered their error. They judged of others by themselves; they mistook the English for Americans.

People in this country will never be convinced of the insignificant esteem in which they are held in Europe. Europeans, in reality, think no more, and care no more about America and the United States than we do about New Zealand. Politicians, and mercantile men engaged in trade with this country know something about our institutions, our society, and our general political and social condition; but the European world at large knows and cares no more about the United States and their inhabitants than we do about the people of New South Wales. The feeling does not wholly arise from national prejudice, though John Bull nurtures an innate contempt for all foreigners, and especially for those who are nearest to him; he is just as ignorant and careless of the prospects and condition of "his subjects in the colonies" of British North America as he is of ourselves. The true source of the sentiment is a general conviction in the British mind that Great Britain is our superior in civilization and refinement; and hence the English feel as little interest in us and our doings as the people of Fifth Avenue feel in the affairs of the denizens of Avenue A.

One must live in Europe to understand this feeling. The citizen of Paris regards London as a desert—*penitus toto divisum orbe*—as they said near two thousand years ago. He will hear what you have to say about the English because he is well-bred; but if you are well-bred yourself, you shall easily discover that he listens merely out of civility. He has no idea that he can learn any thing from the English, just as you believe you can learn nothing from the Esquimaux; and he doesn't care about making curious researches into barbarous races. Cross the channel, and you find the same rule holding good. The well-bred Englishman pants with desire to know all about the French, whose social civilization he secretly adores; but talk to him about the United States or Australia, and his face assumes a languid, patient expression, as if to say—Go on; I will hear all you have to say, because I am too much of a gentleman to show the ennui I feel; but I don't know, and don't want to know, any thing about those people. They are not in fashion.

As time advances, all this will correct itself. The United States will assert their position in the family of nations; and when all Europe is reading American books, wearing clothes made with American machinery, purchasing American pictures, and owing their comfort, in a thousand ways, to American ingenuity, the United States may, perhaps, come into fashion. Signs indicate that this time may perhaps not be very far distant.

Meanwhile, we must bear patiently the sarcasms of our European friends at our rejoicings over the Atlantic Telegraph. The cool contempt which the London journals evince for us and our doings may have a wholesome effect. It may cure some of us of the Provincialism which is the bane of our national mind. It need not drive us into that anglophobia which the "Irish patriots" are so industrious in inculcating; but it ought to teach us to have a mind of our own.

CHESS.

WE devote a portion of our space this week to the game of chess. The problems and notes have been contributed by the well-known chess-player Mr. C. H. Stanley, of this city, who, prior to the public appearance of Mr. Morphy, was probably the strongest player in this country. Mr. Morphy's successful career in Europe, and the brilliant triumph he has recently won in his contest with the famous athlete Löwenthal, have attracted general attention to him and to the game he plays. We have no doubt that our chess column will be welcome in many a drawing-room.

Chess has this advantage over every other game that serves as an amusement to while away time. It is a science, and a science which can not be studied without developing some of the highest mental faculties. No man can become a good chess-player without uncommon memory and powers of combination; and these two faculties, properly exercised, will lead to success in almost every career.

OPENING OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

THE most of our schools and colleges are now reopening for the labors of another year. It is a piece of vast machinery, this American System of Education; but it enters noiselessly and vigorously on its work, attracts no notice, and seems to be scarcely conscious itself of what a task it has to perform. But when we think of the young recruits, numbered by hundreds of thousands, that are now gathering over the land for discipline and training, and think of them as an exceedingly great army that must soon enter on the battle of life, it is a spectacle of impressive moral grandeur.

The human mind is, for the most part, what it is educated to be. And nothing shows us its position in the economy of life more strikingly than the fact that Education, in so far as its agency is efficiently employed, forms the intellect and character. It is not a hap-hazard operation. It is not a hit-or-miss affair, but a constructive agency that takes a good, firm hold of the constituents of our nature, and shapes them according to the measure of its ideas and the extent of energy exercised. The true ideal of Education is, that it is a genuine formative power—a power adequate to control the elements of childhood and youth—a power to organize manhood for useful and effective activity. But who believes this? Few teachers and fewer parents. With most of persons Education is an acquirement of a little learning, and there the matter ends. There is this sad defect in all our modes of Education—that it has such low aims, and is satisfied with such meagre results. The Primer, the Arithmetic, the Grammar, Chemistry, Geometry, the Classics, exhaust responsibility, and teachers and pupils think their work done if these things are tolerably well mastered. But this is surface-work, not soul-work. We scratch the top of the soil and expect a crop. Sunshine and rain resent such folly, and leave us to suffer on small allowance.

Would that a great heart could be put into American Education! We have no fault to find with the system as an economic thing. It is, as an apparatus of utilitarianism, admirable enough; but it is so easily satisfied, so serenely complacent over multiplication-tables, logarithms, and the manipulations of chemistry. The higher utility, which takes knowledge of man's deeper wants, is so painfully ignored. There is great need of reform here, and teachers must begin it; but side influence can not do it. Teachers are God's workmen. Parents may pay them; States may pay them; but Heaven claims them and their office. Teachers, too, are always the safest reformers. If they would combine and take hold of the heart of the American people, they could soon elevate the tone of Education. This is really a great desideratum. American society is rapidly organizing its permanent forms, and it is all-important that our standard of culture should be lifted much higher. We have abundant talent. The country is full of it. But this talent does not extend above a certain point. The disproportion among Americans between the amount of talent and the amount of genius is perfectly anomalous. It is mainly owing to the want of a lofty standard in our colleges; for they do not impart an impulse sufficient to carry our cultivated intellect beyond a certain degree of clever respectability. A lifetime power is, above every thing else, our greatest American want. For most of us the terminus of growth and power is at forty years of age. But if the foundations of culture and expansion were more broadly and deeply laid, we should not have exhausted brains and worn-out nerves just at the period of life when manhood is best fitted to comprehend the world and manage its interests.

THE LOUNGER.

A SERIOUS QUESTION SERIOUSLY ANSWERED.

"Mr. Lounger,—Are you quite aware of the scope of a late letter in your columns signed 'Richmond Clam?' Do you excuse mobs? Do you justify riots? Answer a plain question plainly.

"Yours, Aristides."

The Lounger believes most profoundly in the right of revolution—in the original right and duty of the people, when every legal, peaceable, patient, and persistent effort has been vainly made to procure the repeal of oppressive laws, forcibly to protect themselves. Of course such a movement is called riot and mob by the power that would enforce the law; and therefore Hampden's course was denounced as seditious in England, and Washington's as rebellious in America; and equally of course the same power would call the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, and the resistance of the Writs and the Stamp Act in Boston, riotous and dangerous movements. The Lounger believes in the right of revolution because he believes in his country, and that country was founded upon that right.

Who shall determine when the time of legal, peaceable, patient, persistent effort is passed?

Who *can* practically determine but the people who are most interested? And when they have so resolved, their appeal for justification is that of the rebels of Philadelphia in 1776—to the conscience and the common sense of mankind.

The removal of the Quarantine buildings by force—if it were not in strict accordance with the law for the abatement of nuisances—was unquestionably a revolutionary act, and as such it must be judged. The law of the State, as well as the instinct of self-preservation, had decreed its removal; nor was it until the people knew that the law would not help them that they helped themselves.

Whether the movement was justifiable every man must determine for himself upon a knowledge of the facts.

Let Aristides now answer. Does he justify the action of the mob which burned the *Gaspee* in Narragansett Bay, in June, 1772? The ship had not caused the death of a single colonist; but, "though the perpetrators were well known, no legal evidence could be obtained against them," says the calm and judicious Hildreth.

Once more: Does Aristides deny the right of popular forcible resistance *under any circumstances?* If he does not, let him understand all the circumstances minutely before deciding upon any particular case.

STARTLING.

It is conspicuously stated in one of the leading papers of the city that ten thousand children were lately turned away in one week from the doors of the public schools in this city because there was no room for them. If this be so, it is the most dangerous sign of the times that any Lounger can see. The first duty that every municipality owes itself and its country is the education of the children. Upon that alone rests the possibility of permanent republican institutions; and if the statement can be verified, the names of the members of the Board of Education who have allowed such an event should be published in the largest type, that they may be known as men who are not especially anxious that the children shall be educated.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

Dr. Cogswell, the learned librarian of the Astor Library, has written a letter to the papers describing the present condition of the institution, with collateral remarks upon its administration. He holds that it is a library for reference and study, not for literary recreation; that, therefore, it would be a useless waste of money to keep it open in the evening, because the money for lighting could be appropriated to the purchase of books. And if any visitor has thought himself sometimes uncivilly treated by the assistants, the Doctor thinks he is first to ask himself how far he was uncivil himself, before he condemns the manners of the assistants.

Dr. Cogswell's view of the library is undoubtedly correct so far as it concerns the capacity of the library. The difficulty with his view is, that it is not comprehensive enough. It is true that the library is superbly adapted to scholarly use by the wealth and variety of its resources—but as including works of fiction, popular travels, and the best light current literature; and as a *free* library, it has a kind of popular character upon which a claim may be founded, not easily disregarded.

Any man may justly say, "I am a hard-working man, and I have only my evenings for reading. I can not buy histories and travels, and such works as I wish to read. Now here is a free library. Ought its advantages to be for the great mass of people who can not well afford to subscribe to circulating libraries, and who have only the evening to give to reading, or for the comparatively small class of men of letters and scholars?"

There seems, at least, to be room—and that is all the Lounger suggests—to consider the question of making the library more available for more people by opening it at night. Why not try the experiment?

As for the officers, of whose manners complaint is often made, it is to be said that they are quiet, prompt, and courteous gentlemen. That they are sometimes teased by foolish importunity is very probable, but that they seriously offend in point of attention is a charge entirely disproved by the experience and observation of the Lounger.

It is undeniably to be regretted that there is no accessible and convenient catalogue—not, indeed, the final, comprehensive, classified catalogue, which is a work of consummate skill, immense learning, and unwearied patience—but a list of the books, so that a reader might know, without asking, which makes half the trouble, whether the library contained the desired book. Such a list is partly made. But should it not be entirely and long ago ready?

The interesting letter of the Doctor only reminds the reader how easy it is to complain of the management of any thing, and how well-ordered, noble, and useful an institution is that over which he so fitly presides.

TO FAMILIES RETURNING TO THE CITY.

There is probably none of them that has not some members who will understand these pictures, which are hung so daintily in the Lounger's gallery.

"Dear Lounger,—I feel no hesitancy in sending my doggerels to 'The Lounger;' for under his auspices I shall be sure 'my lines have fallen in pleasant places.'

"Yours, peaceably."

TWO SIDES OF A PICTURE.

I.

'Twas the old, old story—
  Idle minds and hours;
Youth and summer glory,
  Smiles and summer flowers;
Moonlight waves that quivered
  White as restless ghost,
Surf that dashed and shivered
  On a rocky coast;
Life and ceaseless motion
  Converse night and morn,
Twilight on the ocean,
  Rosy summer dawn;
Love and summer glory,
  Eyes that needs must smile,
Only the old story—
  Tender to beguile.
Sunshine fading slowly,
  As the hours wore by;
Hope and longings holy,
  Waking but to die.
'Twas the old, old story—
  Idle minds and hours;
Youth and summer glory,
  Smiles and summer flowers.

II.

It was a mere flirtation,
  The pastime of a week;
Some lively conversation,
  Some flushing of the cheek;
Some very careful dressing,
  Some sayings duly planned;
Some moss and sea-weed pressing,
  Some pressings of the hand;
Some sailing to the city
  With long commission list;
Some sallies short and witty,
  And very little *whist;*
Some rambles on the beaches,
  Some scrambles on the cliffs;
Some scores of pretty speeches,
  Some funny little "tiffs;"
Some reconciliations,
  Some hunt for rounded stones;
Some *apropos* quotations,
  Some tender looks and tones;
Some meaning words to utter
  When parting came at last;
Some vain attempt at flutter,
  And then the whole was past.

C. O. Nightingale.

Nightingale House, *Sept.*

NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

Mr. Festus Bailey has published a satire called "The Age." The English papers condemn it as dull, and in these columns it has been noticed without praise. The Lounger—for Loungers are supposed to read every thing—has read it, but he can not praise it, although it is always a pleasant thing to approve a poet whom the English papers in prose, and Mr. Aytoun in wretched rhymes, abuse. It is a great pity when men arm their enemies, and Mr. Bailey has done that this time. Then he mows at the critics; and of course the critics mow him down.

There is another poet less known to the world at large than Bailey, but somewhat known to the "Festus" circle of admirers, who has just printed—we can hardly say published—a new poem. He was introduced to the public long ago by Mr. Emerson in "The Dial," and several volumes, both of verse and prose, have come from his hands. They are not much known. The poet has not written his name upon the public heart; and yet in all his volumes there are strains that are full of the music of pensive thought and a despairing, morbid love of certain aspects of nature.

Here, for example, from his last little volume called "Near Home," are lines that must be called poetry, and which express, with less music than they should, a thought which is a mere emotion with so many observers in these autumn days:

Oh, why so soon, most Princely Goldenrod!
So soon—why, yesterday all Summer,
Now thy nodding plumes convert our hopes
To Autumn, and endow the verdured lanes
With thy most royal gold? Yet, like all wealth,
Thou hast a cold and hidden sorrow in thee,
As if to say, Behold in me a flattery!"

But of all recent volumes of poetry, the best is the largest—the "Household Book of Poetry," collected and edited by Mr. Dana, comprising, as he says, the best minor poems in the English language. It is probably, beyond question, the most satisfactory collection of the kind ever issued. It is the result of a general acquaintance with English poetry, and a most catholic taste, and is full of favorites old and new. Of course every reader has some especial favorites, which he may not find here; but the charm of the work is, that nothing is admitted by prescription—nothing which does not commend itself to the taste of the compiler; and as that taste is most generous and unsectarian, every school of poetry and almost every poet of note in the language are represented in these pages. Then the selections have been printed from the most authentic versions; so that, as a work of familiar poetic reference, it will be very useful to every student and author.

It is another illustration of the perennial charm of true poetry. Passing through this volume the reader walks again in the enchanted gardens, plucks once more the Hesperidian fruit, hears the alluring song of the sirens that sing upon the shores of the ideal world. He recognizes the affluence and splendor of that Literature of our mother speech, of whose minor works these beautiful poems are but specimens, and which no literature of any land or of any language surpasses.

KEEPING COOL OUT OF WATER.

In the middle of the summer a committee of a society of citizens proposed to the Common Council, through the Mayor, to establish free river baths for the people. The Mayor judiciously recommended the passage of the proper ordinance, and the matter was referred to the Committee on Wharves, Piers, and Slips. Has that Committee reported? Are the baths built? Or will the Committee wait until November, and then report favorably?

There ought to be free baths, as there ought to be free schools, and free churches, and free libraries. If the city will not take care to found them, let some of the many merchants who wonder what to do with their money build themselves a monument by erecting Public Baths.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"Starkville, *September*, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—Some fortunate people put their feelings into verse, and some even put thoughts with it, nowadays, where so much thought is ripening for the sickle. Still, as the man for the time, the great reaper, has not yet made his appearance, let me lay before you something which I have gleaned from the harvest-field, which has always ripened duly each autumn, yet has never been found in any granary that I know. After all, it may not be much of a fruit, as it may have been spoiled in the gathering. Yours, F. G.

"In autumn the child looks curiously at the shrunk rivulet; he searches long to find he knows not what—the fairy summer. He deemed it perpetual. The change of the seasons is unknown to him. Slowly he saunters on, in miniature melancholy, heedless of the dropping of nuts, and the wind-eddies at his feet, harking to the silence. It is the first dawning of sadness on his mind, and he wonders at the change, and *meditates.* Crossing the threshold, he finds himself, unawares, at his mother's knee, where he loiters long, busy with a thought he can not utter."

—"Mr. Tom Collins" must fight his own battles. But "Otsdawa" may find that Tom has precedent upon his side.

"Schenectady, *September*, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—In your issue of the 11th inst., our *very modest* friend Tom Collins perpetrates the following: 'I differ with you, and wish to know if you support my difference?' Does he wish it to be understood that he differs *with* you, or, that he differs *from* you. And yet he asks whether you *support* his difference. What *does* he mean?

"Fanny says it is this—We differ, *do we agree?*

"Yours critically, Otsdawa."

"Maine, *Septem*[illegible] 858.

"Dear Lounger,—One rainy day I sat down and wrote the following dirge. Will you not lay it up for your readers' rainy days, many of which may come, I ween, when the gay summer is at length past and gone, and we sit down once more by the autumn hearth at home?"

DIRGE.

Rain! Rain! Rain!
  In the gloom all silent and gray;
My heart is heavy, like yours, oh clouds!
  Is weeping with you to-day.

Rain! Rain! Rain!
  And flood the earth with your tears;
We ne'er can weep, oh sad, sad world!
  Enough for our sinful years.

Rain! Rain! Rain!
  A long repentance-day!
Some morn I shall wake in the sunshine bright,
  And my spirit fly singing away.

"Canandaigua, *September*, 1858.

"Friend Lounger,—Temporarily stopping here, at an excellent hotel too, by the way, I bought, as is customary with me to do, whenever I chance when the week rolls around, the last *Harper*, the *Harper* in which you officiate, of date September 11.

"Somebody writes to you relative to the grammaticality of 'successful completion' in the Queen's message. You answer, 'completion does not admit of degrees, etc.' Now, for the first time, I presume to differ with you, and to state that there is no word but admits of degrees. The word completion, you argue, can mean but one thing. So far is true; but degrees may make it mean a variety of things. The adverb like can mean but one thing, but variations are put upon it. Without modification, where would you get partial completion and semi-completion, etc.?

"Again, you say it must be put into successful operation to be completed. By this argument, the cable is not completed until it is finished, and can not be finished until it is done for and obliterated. Hence, though we might say the cable *is*, we could not for some time say it is completed.

"It is customary, and a habit more of the ancients than the moderns, to give greater strength to a sentence by putting together two and sometimes three words of the same intrinsic meaning.

"In conclusion, if the Queen can't speak her own English, who shall?

"With this, in view of your course for some time past, I beg to pat you on the shoulder, with the customary 'Good boy!' and remain yours, Leonard."

—The Lounger humbly hopes he is duly grateful for the pat on the shoulder, but he reminds Leonard that the particles of degree which he uses with the word "completion" are synonyms of incompletion. Again, the Atlantic wire, so far as its purpose is concerned, is not completed as a telegraph until messages pass, although the wire itself and the twine and the tar may be continuously laid through the sea. The cable "is" and "was" before it was shipped. But the cable, *quoad* telegraph, is not, until it *is* a telegraph.

Does Leonard see his way through that last murky sentence?

—Here is another length of the cable:

"Mr. Lounger,—There is a defect in the use of the word *cable* in connection with the line of wire lately laid across the Atlantic; it may be true that the term is to some extent descriptive as we piney woods sailors are used to the expressions 'cable laid,' 'hawser laid,' etc., as descriptive of the forms of cordage used for particular purposes, but when *the cable* is spoken of, as it has been lately, the idea of a ship and an anchor are very naturally associated with it, and almost involuntarily we ask ourself is Newfoundland or Ireland the ship or the anchor?

"Please give your readers the proper word, for if it is left to the English it will most probably be called a wire-gram. Brother Jonathan."

The Lounger suggests that "Brother Jonathan" has himself indicated the word. Why not say *Atlantic Wire*, if you wish to speak of the substance itself? In the rest, as in other cases, it will of course be the Atlantic Telegraph.

Does Brother Jonathan notice how uniformly and universally the word "telegram" is adopted, despite all the sputtering and kicking?

—"Esmond," of Richmond County, Georgia, is of opinion that Thackeray has been "soundly thrashed" in the newspapers for his description of the youth of Washington. The Lounger differs. Thackeray has been, in some cases, furiously attacked, but as "Esmond" will remember, the Lounger has already stated his view of the case. However, here is the letter:

"Is it a mere coincidence that, while Thackeray was soundly thrashed in the newspapers for his representation of the youth of Washington, the Mount Vernon Association, in their appeals to the *military, Masons*, and the 'rest of mankind,' have ignored the fact that Washington was a *surveyor?*

"In Georgia there are one hundred and eight county surveyors. Taking one hundred as the average for thirty-one States, we have the respectable number of 3100 surveyors in the country of Washington. These, if they have been properly educated, know the influence the study of their profession must have had in forming the character of Washington, and they can not be otherwise than proud of it. No appeal has been made to them as a class, and I venture to propose to them to come forward as such, and contribute five dollars each, provided the Association will acknowledge it as the Surveyor's Contribution. Esmond."

—Here is the last voice from the Mammoth Cave:

"Louisville, *September*, 1858.

"Did you know, Mr. Lounger, that the Mammoth Cave exists in the interior of our State, guarded, albeit, by a formidable bulwark of ledges, and hills, and ravines? that it is a marvelous rent, caused, doubtless, by some grand, primeval throe? that it forms a chasm to which, perhaps, the globe affords not a parallel? that the pilgrim who rejoices in 'successful completion' of the journey revels in a world of faery, and dwells enraptured upon its mysteries? that he breathes its air unpolluted, and drinks of the waters which gush from its fountains pure and savory as ever slaked the thirst of naiad on the virgin shores of Atlantis? Did you never tread those dismal swamps where darkness reigns unbroken—where the hushed solemnity, the stillness as of chaos is disturbed alone by the footfall of the curious or the voice of the intruder? Did you know, from that sunless soil no herbage grows—no chirping melody from shady groves—no insect life from summer greens? Nay, verily, there night and day are one; no 'early morn' or 'dewy eves,' no 'gloaming of the forest,' no 'Phœbus' to 'gild the brow o' morning.' The seasons, too, are not. In vain, mutation with ruthless march prevails above—in vain do whistling winds blow bleak without, and zephyrs luscious sigh—in vain do winters chill, and springs bloom, and summers ripen, and autumns mellow! Aye, one dire, rayless monotony!

"Excuse me, Friend Lounger, I've been to Mammoth Cave, Edmondson County, Kentucky! *Dear* Lounger, do go. Rasselas."

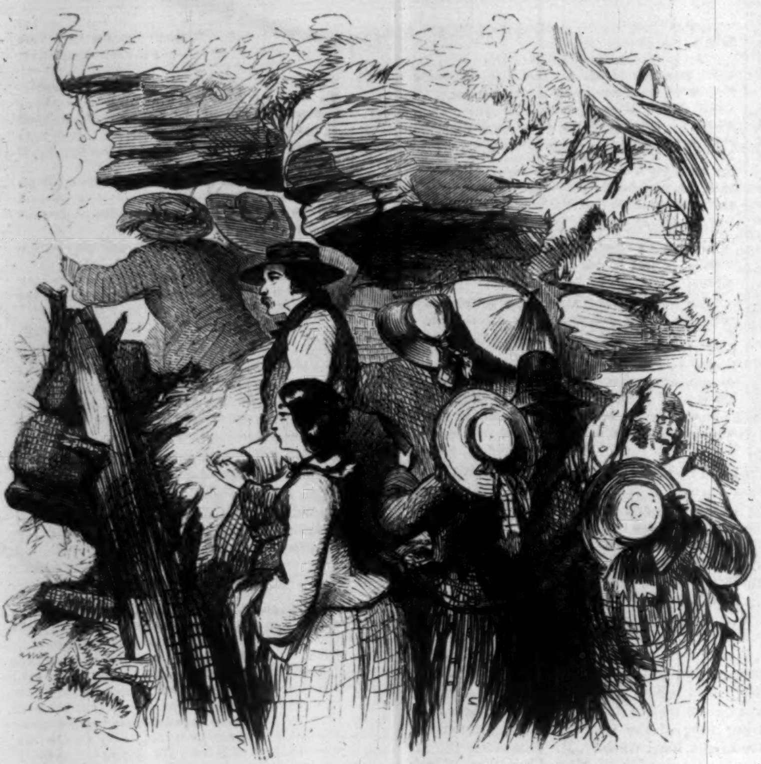
—From a well-wisher, "S.," there are verses which are better unprinted; "V. de V." rails at John Bull for his indifference about the Atlantic wire; and "Amicus," of North Carolina, informs the Lounger and his friends that "Belle Heron, of Virginia, is a run-mad young poet of this place."

—"H. of Baltimore," looking at Niagara, sings,

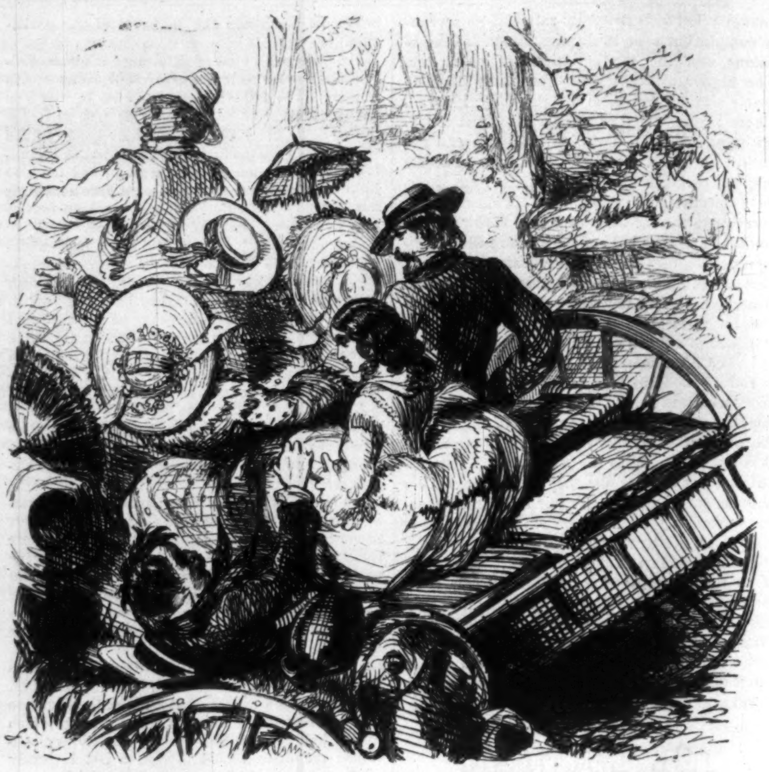
"The stream of Life glides on as fast,
  With calm and unresistless sweep,
  Bearing us to the eternal steep
O'er which we all must plunge at last."

—A friend in St. Louis sends the Lounger a long history of the dismal effect produced by love upon a youth in that region. The case was an aggravated one, breaking out into rhymes without reason. One malignant attack concluded thus:

"The boon, the boon, I pray my love;
  If granted—happy me!
Denied—ah! lack-a-day, my love,
  How wretched must I be!"



"SCRAMBLING OVER LEDGES."



AXLE'S BROKE?—["WHOA! GOLLY! GUESS YOU'S FOUND DEM FALLS!"]

A TRIP TO BASH BISH.

Trotting o'er the turnpike,
  Dashing through the dells;
Creeping up the mountain,
  Halting on the hills;
Scrambling over ledges,
  Whose bare height appalls;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
  'Going to Bash Bish Falls.

I.

Stockbridge sends its Brewer
  [*Mischief's brewing there!*],
Annapolis, a *nauti-*
  -*Cus* [true "Son of War"];
Artist—Trader—Student,
  With sweet 'lasses, all—
Reigning 'round Hous'tonic,
  Hail for Bash Bish Fall!

II.

Wit and other dainties,
  Stowed in wag and wagon;
Wisdom holds the "ribbons"
  ["*Better keep that drag-on!*"];
Morning's *rather* lowery
  ["*Don't forget your shawls!*"];
—Oh, how nice ["*and showery*"]!
  Going to Bash Bish Falls!

III.

Sure to rain to-morrow
  ["*Make that hoss go lang!*"]
["*Give him some 'Horse-tonic!'*"]:
  Now we're going to "Bang:"
Or Bam'ton—(*the* "big Bam"-*'ton*),
  Site of "Leavitts' Hall"—
Leutze's glorious "Monmouth;"
  But *not* "Bash Bish Fall."

IV.

["*Mornin'*, Mr. Pixley!"]
  ["*Step in*, Charley Hunt,
Else you'll have to foot it!"]
  Now for Egremont!—
Yonder looms the mountain:
  Hello there!—Who squalls?
Axle's broke?—["*Whoa! Golly!*
  Guess you's found dem Falls!"]

V.

Wagon shop quite handy
  ["*Jest a few rods furder*"]—
Find the "jest" quite serious;
  And the "rods"—oh, murder!
Rest "a spell" at Forbes'—
  No one's hurt, at all;
Now for our new carriage,
  And for Bash Bish Fall.

VI.

Upward—upward—upward—
  How the road extends!
These are miles as is miles—
  Cut off at both ends.
Courage, Hoopers, Bloomers!
  Old Taghanie calls,
There's "High-Peak"—up yonder,
  Hark! That's Bash Bish Falls!

VII.

Now we're at the summit—
  ["*Ah, that's sum'at like!*"]
["*An't you glad you come it?*"]
  These are scenes that strike—
["*Yes, they strike my fancy*"]
  Make a man feel small—
["*Make one's head feel dance-y,*"]
  ["*But where's Bash Bish Fall?*"]

VIII.

Patience—and be steady;
  Now we're going down.
Mind the horses—driver;
  ["*There! I've tore my gown!*"]
Catch that break!—["*I've caught it!*
  Broke my fingers—all!"]
Goodness! This is pleasant;
  Going to Bash Bish Fall.

IX.

"Trout in that dark ripple?"
  ["*Get your tackle out;*"]
"Guess you'll catch a nibble:"
  "Guess I'll catch a *trout!*"
Coalers, with grim faces—
  "Trout here?" angler calls.
"No, *Sir!*—only dace-es
  Swim round Bash Bish Falls."

X.

"Eagles' Nest 's above us,
  There, on that bold crag."
["*Here's a rock that's boulder!*"]
  ["*Scale it—scale-y wag!*"]
What a charming cascade!—
  ["*Holds each sense in thrall!*"]
Roarious, pourious, story-ous,
  Glorious Bash Bish Fall!

XI.

Dashing, flashing, splashing,
  Like an Undine-Maid;
Washing, "hush"-ing, thrashing,
  Like an Undine wed;
Tumbling, rumbling, grumbling,
  When the tempest calls;
Such is Life's strange River—
  Such is Bash Bish Falls.

XII.

Picnic, next in order,
  Spreads, on "Table-Rock;"
Sandwiches, bewitching;
  Tongues ne'er known to mock;
Crackers, void of powder;
  Sweets, that never pall;
Corks and *bon-mots*, louder,
  'Stonish Bash Bish Fall.

XIII.

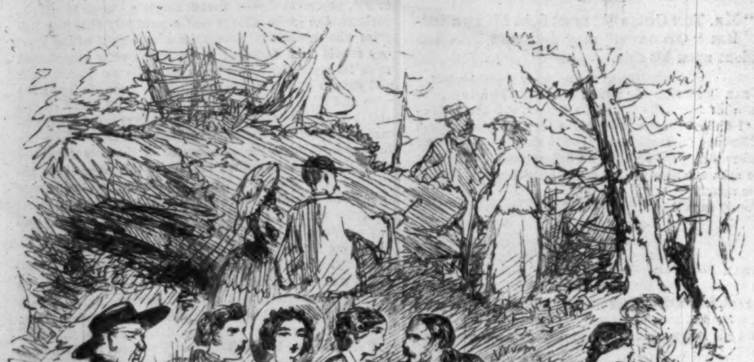
Take a biscuit—Ella?
  Carrie—bit of tongue?—
Tongues are oft unruly;
  This one can't go wrong.
Fan, you're fond of fire-works—
  Crackers?—["*Look out, all!*"]
They'll go off—if carried,
  Over, at Bash Bish Fall.

XIV.

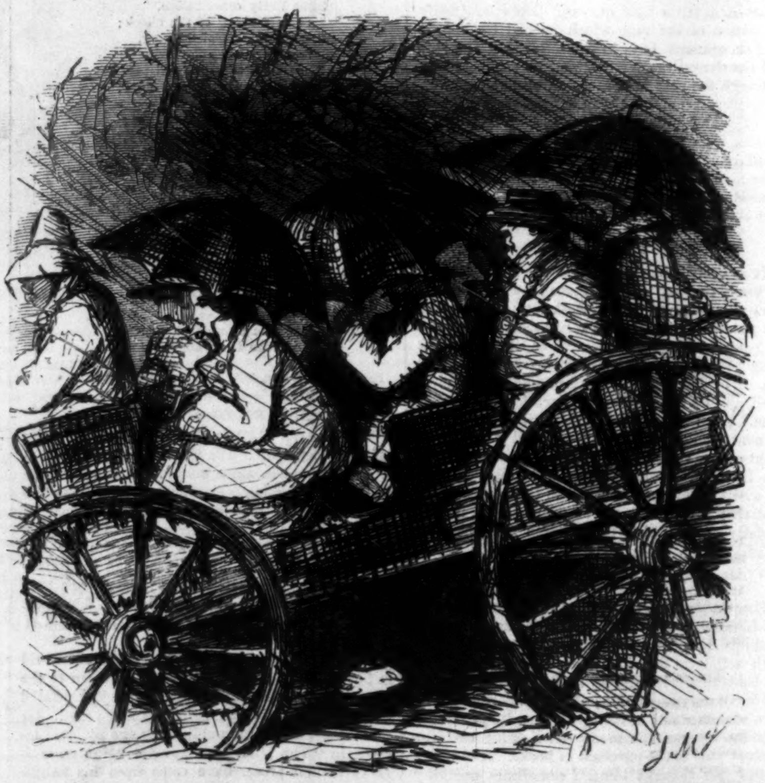
Picnic fairly finished,
  Now for the Sublime.
Come, my lads, be ladders;
  Help the ladies climb.
Just the spot for Hydro-
  -Pathics.—["Douche and all!"]
["*Mind, Miss Foote, your* FOOTING,"]
  This is Bash Bish Fall.

XV.

Dashing down the mountain,
  Taking dripping leaves:
Every tree's a fountain,
  Dew-ing (brown) our Eves.
Rush down Copakes' ore-bed.
  Horses glad of stalls.
[Mem.—*Great want of guide-posts*
  'Bout this Bash Bish Falls.]



PICNIC, NEXT IN ORDER, SPREADS, ON "TABLE-ROCK."



EVERY BODY SOAKING—["'WATER-CURE' CURES ALL!"]

XVI.

Hillsdale looks inviting,
But we keep t' the right;
Clouds grow dark, and darker;
Blacker frowns the night:
Big drops 'gin to patter—
Up umbrellas all—
Wetter—wetter—wetter!
Worse than Bash Bish Fall.

XVII.

Splashing through the puddles
[" *Oh, my poor, poor flat!*"];
Singing, shouting, laughing
[" *Don't sit on my hat!*"];
Every *body* soaking
[" '*Water-cure,' cures all!*"];
Back, at last, to Forbes',
Safe from Bash Bish Fall.

XVIII.

Million Fire-flies sparkle
[" *Guess they've* SPIRIT-*lamps!*"];
Rather damp for sparking
[" *Oh! 'tis fire-damp!*"];
Gleams like some far city—
Myriad shining halls—
Flash from out the darkness
All 'round Bash Bish Falls

XIX.

Skies begin to brighten;
"Small hours" *will* come 'round!
"Home, sweet Home" 's our burden;
And, at last, 'tis found.
Parting words and kisses—
"Good-night!"—one and all;
And so ends our "Pleasure-
Trip" to Bash Bish Fall.

A MAN LOST IN THE CLOUDS.

WE herewith illustrate the fearful adventure which last week befell the well-known aeronaut, Thurston, at Adrian, Michigan. The following description of the event is from the Detroit *Tribune:*

"The first ascension took place about nine o'clock in the morning. It was on the occasion of a large Sunday-school celebration at Adrian. The balloon was a very large and well-constructed one, being about the height of a two-story building when inflated and ready to cut loose from its fastenings. Messrs. Bannister and Thurston took seats in the car attached to the balloon, and ascended safely and steadily. After remaining about forty minutes in the air, sailing toward Toledo all the time, they alighted in the woods in the town of Riga, Lenawee County, near Knight's Station, on the Southern Road, distant about eighteen miles west of Toledo. Several men came to the assistance of the adventurers, and they proceeded to prepare the balloon for packing, to be taken back to Adrian.

"In doing this the monster balloon was turned over, and partially upside down, to disentangle the netting and to reach the valve. To do this, Mr. Ira Thurston, one of the aeronauts, took off his coat, and got astride of the valve-block. He then suggested that the car be detached from the balloon while he should hold it down with his weight. This proved a fearful calculation, for no sooner was the still-inflated body relieved of the weight of the car than it shot into the air with the suddenness of a rocket, taking Mr. Thurston along with it, seated upon the valve of the balloon, and holding on to the collapsed silk of the air-ship in that portion of its bulk! In this perfectly helpless condition the ill-fated man sped straight into the sky in the full sight of his companions, more helpless than himself. So far as is known, there was no possible means for him to secure his descent, whether safe or otherwise. The part of the balloon filled with gas was full twelve feet above him, so that there was no chance for him to cut its sides and allow the gas to escape. He could only cling to his precarious hold, and go whithersoever the currents of air should take him.

"Without regulation or control of any kind the balloon continued to mount upward, sailing off in the direction of this city and Lake Erie. The fatal ascension took place about eleven o'clock, and at a few minutes past noon it was seen in the town of Blissfield, Lenawee County, apparently full three miles high, and about the size of a star in appearance. It was still going up and on! At a quarter past one o'clock it was dimly visible, going in the direction of Malden, as ascertained by compass-bearings taken by parties observing it. What is his exact fate baffles conjecture; but that it is horrible, almost beyond precedent, there can be no doubt. There is not one chance in a million for a successful escape.

"Mr. Thurston was an experienced balloonist, having built several, and this being his thirty-seventh ascension. He was formerly a resident in the vicinity of Lima and Rochester, in Western New York, but has lately resided in Adrian, where he was extensively engaged in business as a nurseryman. He was a widower, having lost his wife last winter. He leaves an interesting daughter, about seventeen years of age."

The same journal on the following day adds:

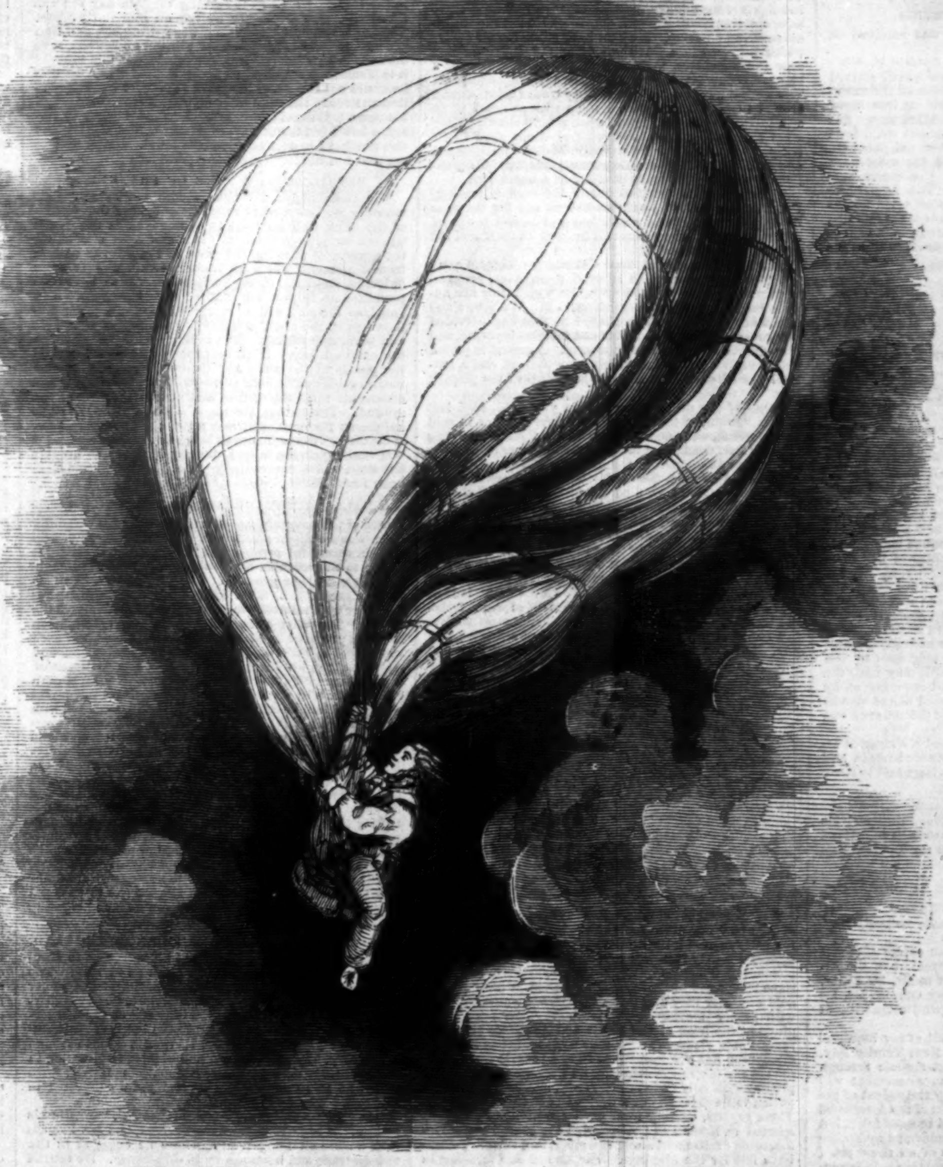
"We have made careful and extended inquiries upon the other side, sufficient to justify us in stating that the balloon has come to the earth; and, further, that in all probability *it was empty!* From a gentleman who was at Baptiste Creek on Saturday afternoon, between three and four o'clock, we learn that a large balloon was seen to descend to the ground in the vicinity of a large tract of woods, across a wide marsh, some three miles from the station, early in the afternoon.

"The balloon was seen at Chatham about two o'clock Saturday afternoon, so it was thought, by the telegraph operator. It was about as large in appearance as a kite, and was thought to be such until the news of this affair reached there.

"It is a little singular that Mr. Bannister, companion of Mr. Thurston at the time of this occurrence, two years ago made an ascent from the same place, when, throwing out ballast too freely, he almost immediately rose out of sight, and was not heard from for two days. His balloon became unmanageable, and himself nearly perished with cold, having frozen both hands and feet. He twice saw Lake Erie pass beneath him, and finally landed in Pennsylvania, near Beaver, having made, involuntarily, the longest trip ever made in America."

At latest dates nothing had been heard of Thurston. The balloon is on the ground, has been visited, and no one was in or near it. The station-master at Baptiste Creek *now* reports that a man was seen in the balloon as it came down—a very important fact which he wholly neglected to state at first, and one which he would have been very likely to state if it were so. We regard this as wholly improbable. He further states that the balloon was tumbling over and over as it came to the ground, and that it fell on Saturday. It is ten miles east of Belle River. There is left scarcely a glimmer of hope.

The last number of the Detroit *Tribune* casts doubt on the story that Thurston was clinging to the balloon as it fell. The evidence of his companion is very weighty, and indeed it seems hardly possible that Thurston could have clung so long to his frail support. The *Tribune* says:



THE AERONAUT THURSTON CARRIED OFF ON THE BALLOON.

"We change our heading to-day. Lost is a fearful word to say of one who but now was in our midst, in the high tide of life—strong, bold, full of hope, with troops of friends about him. 'Lost!' it sounds like 'the wailing of the wind in the tops of the pines!' All hope of ever finding poor Thurston alive is blotted out, and we can only bemoan him as lost.

"Mr. Bannister, his companion, returned this afternoon, and can bring only the worst tidings. The balloon he identified, and sent the silk of which it was composed to this city last night. He himself remained to search for his friend. To-day he comes back despairingly. He states that the balloon-valve on which Thurston sat *is torn out* from the silk of the balloon three quarters of the way round, indicating unerringly that the weight of the unfortunate man was too great for the strength of the sides, and that the silk gave way, when he must have dropped off. His only remaining chance would be to cling to the smooth material of which the balloon was made, and he could not have sustained himself in that manner.

"When this occurred we can only conjecture; but that it must have been within an hour after he started seems highly probable. The balloon was seen for nearly two hours with a glass; but it must be remembered that this great body, full thirty feet high, was only the size of a man's hand when thus visible, and it would be utterly impossible to see the ill-fated man if he had dropped off. Mr. Bannister feels quite positive that he must have fallen before reaching Canada at all.

"The stories that are so plentiful that a man was seen in the balloon as it came down near Baptiste Creek he wholly discredits, as we have from the first. He has investigated these rumors pretty thoroughly, and puts no faith in them whatever.

"Six gentlemen came up from Adrian to-day to go down to search for the body of Thurston, but at 3 P.M. they were not decided what course to pursue. They inclined to the belief that his body, if not in the lake, would be found between Knight's Station, where he started, and Monroe. The only hope now left is that the body may be found and the hand of Affection be permitted to lay it in its final resting-place. We earnestly trust this may be, the poor and only boon left for aching and sorely smitten hearts to crave."

In connection with this strange story, we give the following account of an adventure, quite as romantic, which is published in the Missouri *Democrat:*

"Our correspondent at the Illinois Fair, at Centralia, acquaints us with the following most thrilling occurrence: Mr. G. W. Brooks, of this city, an aeronaut of considerable distinction, was advertised to make an ascension from a spot contingent to the Fair-grounds, on Friday evening, after the closing exercises of the Fair. Instead, however, of going up himself, he yielded to the solicitations of a young man who has been traveling around with him, learning the theory and practice of ballooning, and who begged that, as the evening was so fine, he might be allowed to test the value of his knowledge by a little experience. The young man, whose name has escaped the recollection of our informant, made the ascension in beautiful style, in the presence of thousands of admiring and wondering people.

"The atmosphere was so quiet that he rose almost vertically to a great height; and then, when it was supposed that he would descend, the balloon passed into a current of air, which bore it gradually away to the southeast, and finally carried it out of sight. It was said that Mr. Brooks was much annoyed at his pupil for refusing to descend before striking the current of air which bore him away from the scene of the ascension. He did not return until Saturday morning daybreak, and then communicated an account of his most thrilling experiences. The currents of air which bore him off to the southeast carried him a distance of about twenty miles before he thought of descending. By means of his grappling-irons the descent was made with safety and ease, and he found himself alighted near a farm-house, the inmates of which regarded him with the greatest wonder and gratitude.

"The balloon was made fast to a fence, and after a short conversation with the farmer and his wife, they were persuaded to make an ascension of a few hundred feet, one at a time. The balloon, relieved of all extra weight, rose readily, and was easily pulled down again by means of the anchor rope. The farmer and his wife were highly pleased with their trips, and while expressing their gratification two of their small children—one five, and the other three years of age—who had been looking on with astonishment, scrambled into the car and cried out, 'Let me go up! let me go up!' The aeronaut proceeded at once to gratify them, but from some carelessness or accident, as he was letting them up, the rope slipped from his hands, and the balloon mounted upward with the velocity of a rocket. The frantic agony of the parents and the consternation of the aeronaut may be imagined. In a minute or two the balloon had passed entirely out of sight, and was lost in the blue depths of the sky. Nothing could be done but to hasten back to Mr. Brooks, at Centralia, and ask his advice. Our informant learns that Mr. Brooks expressed his opinion that the balloon would remain in the air about an hour before commencing to descend, and while at its greatest altitude the children would probably freeze to death, unless in their fright they precipitated themselves from the car. Mr. Brooks, early on Saturday morning, set out in the direction the balloon had taken, in hopes to recover it, and find some trace of the lost children.

"Saturday morning, at daybreak, a farmer near New Carthage, forty-three miles distant from Mr. Harvey's place, discovered the balloon suspended in the air, attached by a grappling-rope to a tree in his yard. He immediately hauled the balloon down, and found the youngest child asleep in the bottom of the basket, and the eldest carefully watching over her little brother. They had been wafted about by different currents of air throughout the night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved.

"The story the girl told was, that as the balloon ascended she cried piteously to her father to pull it down. She said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people, to whom she likewise appealed at the top of her voice. This place was Centralia. The balloon was seen to pass over there, but the people little imagined it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with cold, and the heroic little girl took off her apron, covered him, and got him to sleep. In handling the ropes she happened to pull one which had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and although not understanding the philosophy of the movement, she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing she found she approached the earth.

"The youthful aerial voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined that among the neighbors where they landed they were the objects of much curiosity and interest. The girl's presence of mind and loving consideration for her brother may well be remembered, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character that we opine it will not soon be forgotten in that section. The boy and girl were conveyed home as soon as practicable, and it is needless to say were received with outstretched arms."

LITERARY.

No one can fail to be interested in the LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, in Exeter Hall (London), from November, 1857, to February, 1858. They are published in a 12mo volume by R. Carter & Brothers, and afford an excellent opportunity for comparing English popular lectures and lecturers with American. Among the names of the lecturers we find the Dean of Carlisle, the Dean of Canterbury, Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, Mr. Baxter, and Rev. Norman M'Leod, and others who are well known to the English public. There is also a lecture by John B. Gough, which is the best specimen of his extraordinary eloquence that we have hitherto seen published. The subjects are varied, and possess, it strikes us, rather more of popular interest than we ordinarily expect in this class of lectures. They are, for example, such as Modern Geographical Researches in Africa, the Silence of Scripture, the Lessons of the Street, Pulpit Eloquence of the Seventeenth Century, Life of George Stephenson, and a Life Story, which concludes the volume. The remarks of Mr. Corderoy on the Life of Stephenson are illustrated by some engravings of early and modern locomotive engines and railway cars. This sort of volume is novel in England, and to some extent here. It will well repay the reader.

The same publishers have issued a small volume by that venerable and popular man among all classes of evangelical Christians, John Angell James. Its title is CHRISTIAN HOPE, and such a book from such an author can only be one thing—rich, overflowing, cheerful, and bold. The dedication of the book to his young colleague in the ministry, Mr. Dale, is very touching, while the volume itself is all that its title and authorship promise, if we can judge from a Sunday afternoon's perusal of a few of the chapters.

Mr. Vandenhoff has delivered his poem on COMMON SENSE with eminent success in various parts of the country. We now have it in covers, with the imprint of Ticknor in Boston, and Crowen in New York, on the title-page. There is much sound sense and sharp satire in the book, and good advice withal, by which fops, dandies, and fools in general may profit.

Shephard, Clark, & Brown, of Boston, publish two books for the young people, PLAY AND STUDY, and THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN, both by Mrs. Madeline Leslie. These are announced as the first volumes of a juvenile series which this house propose to publish, and if they keep up the internal and external merit which these possess they will not be unsuccessful. Each of these is a story well suited to the comprehension of the younger part of the community, and told in a graceful and winning way.

The same publishers send us an odd and curious little book, illustrated by fifteen huge woodcuts, not without merit, being the history of a small child named Goody Right-Thirsty, who by her benevolence and kindness puts to shame her own father and mother, as is abundantly illustrated in the cuts aforesaid.

Derby & Jackson publish another of the popular stories of A. S. Roe, whose "I've been Thinking" was one of the most successful novels of its time. The present volume, TRUE TO THE LAST, is the history of an orphan boy who, bearing in mind always the instructions of his mother, remains true to principle under all temptations, and is the means of doing great good by his example. This moral, which is in itself very simple, is worked out in a story of much delicacy and occasional pathos. Mr. Roe has remarkable ease in homely and quiet narrative, and carries his reader along with him much as the Arabian story-teller does his audience, by a mellowness of style and a beauty of thought which give to the most ordinary events of life a romantic and interesting character. The best of his books is that they teach truth and right.

Mr. Spurgeon once more. Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. issue SPURGEON'S GEMS—a volume of short, pithy, pungent, telling passages, selected from his discourses, and giving perhaps the best possible idea of his style and the cause of his success. Here the man appears. There is no false show in what he says. His illustrations are sledge-hammers and rivets, clenching thoughts forever. He speaks like no oracle of old times, in misty phrases, nor like some of the oracles of modern times, in worse than Delphic phrases, flowery and unintelligible. He speaks plainly and boldly. You know what he means. When he speaks of heaven he calls it heaven, and hell he calls hell. This book is a luxury, therefore, in its frankness and boldness. It will pay the worst hater of Calvinism to read it; and we have no doubt it will be in general more popular than the collections of his sermons heretofore published by the same house.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.

THE following telegraphic dispatch was received on Saturday from Halifax:

HALIFAX, *September* 25, 1858.

Captain Shaw, of the bark *Arabian*, which arrived this morning, reports that at seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th instant, he fell in with an iron screw steamer on fire, apparently of twelve hundred tons. She had a gilt crown eagle head and a straight stem, head raked well forward, and her bottom had red paint on. Her upper works were destroyed, and the wood-work above and below was all consumed. Her masts were gone and her sides were falling in. The funnel was lying on the starboard side, but its color could not be told. The *Arabian* passed round the stern of the steamer, but no name was distinguishable. She is supposed to have been burning forty-eight hours. The *Arabian* sighted a brig four miles to leeward. Could not descry boats or signs of sufferers in the distance.

HALIFAX, *September* 25—1 P.M.

The bark *Arabian* reports that the steamer seen on fire was an iron screw steamer, of apparently 1200 tons. A gilt crowned eagle was observed.

WHAT WAS THE CHANCE FOR THE PASSENGERS.

The *Herald*, writing before the last news arrived, stated: "The lost steamship, *Austria*, had eight life-boats, which could not contain any thing like the number of passengers she had on board; but as the *Arabian* reports that she had the appearance of having been burning for only about forty-eight hours, and, after sailing round her and making a close examination of the wreck, no signs of life were discovered, or boats, bodies, spars, or remnants of rafts, there is every reason to hope that every body on board had been taken off the wreck. If such had not been the case there would have been some evidences about the wreck, for we have had abundant instances of the support of life at sea for much longer periods than forty-eight hours. Every vestige of five hundred or six hundred people struggling for life, with boats, spars, and materials to build rafts, could not otherwise have disappeared in two days, nor even in a week. The spar or remnant of a raft seen by the ship *America*, being some five hundred miles to the westward of the scene of the wreck, was too far distant to have had any connection with the burning *Austria*. The brig seen by the *Arabian*, some four miles to the leeward, may have the passengers on board, or they may have been taken off by some other vessel, perhaps some eastward bound steamship, in whose direct track the wreck of the *Austria* was found.

"The passengers might also have had a chance of escape from the close proximity of the Azore islands, and the fact that the gulf currents would bring boats to those islands."

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

As we go to press we learn that twelve of the survivors of the passengers per the ill-fated *Austria* have arrived at Halifax. They report that she had six hundred passengers on board, of whom only sixty-seven are saved.

THE LAST FROM THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Field has published the following card:

NEW YORK, *Friday Evening, September* 24, 1858.

To the Associated Press:

Accompanying this I beg to hand you copies of recent communications from the honorary directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company and myself to Mr. De Santy, the chief electrician at the Trinity Bay Office. Mr. De Santy's answers will be furnished for publication without unnecessary delay.

I deem it proper to state as the result of my inquiries concerning the dispatch of Thursday from Trinity Bay, announcing the resumption of perfect signals through the cable from Valentia, that the announcement was made through a dispatch from the Superintendent of the land lines in Newfoundland to the agent of the Associated Press, and was unquestionably reported in good faith, but as the information has not yet been confirmed by Mr. De Santy, who alone has full knowledge of all the facts, I regard the statement as possibly premature. It is conjectured that the shore end of the cable at Valentia must be taken up for a distance of several miles, which, by reason of bad weather or other unavoidable difficulties, may occupy three or four weeks. The depth of water within two hundred miles of the Irish coast ranges from about 50 to 400 fathoms, and it is not doubted that even 250 miles of the cable could be raised if deemed necessary.

Respectfully, etc., CYRUS W. FIELD.

VERY NATURAL REQUESTS.

NEW YORK, *Friday, September* 24, 1858—10 A.M.

C. V. De Santy, Trinity Bay:

Great dissatisfaction exists in this country with the reserve maintained at Trinity Bay in contrast with the frank communications from Valentia to the British public. Give us daily information of the state of the telegraph under your charge.

PETER COOPER.
CYRUS W. FIELD.
WILSON G. HUNT.
E. M. ARCHIBALD.
WATTS SHERMAN.

[Taken to the offices of the other Honorary Directors in New York; but they could not be seen—hence the absence of their signatures.]

NEW YORK, *Friday, September* 24, 1858—12 M.

To De Santy, Trinity Bay, N. F.:

Dispatches from you and from Mackay are contradictory. Now please give me explicit answers to the following inquiries:

1. Are you now, or have you been within three days, receiving distinct signals from Valentia?
2. Can you send a message, long or short, to the Directors at London?
3. If you answer *No* to the above, please tell me if the electrical manifestations have varied, essentially, since September 1?

CYRUS W. FIELD.

WHAT THEY SAY AT TRINITY BAY.

The following dispatches have been received by the parties to whom they are addressed:

TRINITY BAY, N. F., *Friday, September* 24.

C. W. Field, New York:

We have received nothing intelligible from Valentia since the 1st of September, excepting feeling a few signals yesterday. I can not send any thing to Valentia. There has been very little variation in the electrical manifestations.

DE SANTY.

Mr. De Santy to the Directors in New York.

TRINITY BAY, N. F., *September* 25.

Peter Cooper, C. W. Field, W. G. Hunt, and E. M. Archibald, New York:

I have not the least wish to withhold particulars as to the working of the cable, and until I have communicated with head-quarters and ascertained the directions of the Manager of the Company, I will send a daily report of proceedings. We were not working to-day, but receiving occasionally from Valentia some weak reversals of the current, which when received are unintelligible.

C. V. DE SANTY.

Mr. De Santy to Mr. Field.

TRINITY BAY, N. F., *Saturday, September* 25.

C. W. Field, New York:

Your message received. The day before yesterday commenced receiving current from Valentia, and was in hopes that I should be at work again soon after. So I informed Mr. Mackay. Then the current failed. This will explain the discrepancy between his and my messages.

C. V. DE SANTY.

SAILING OF THE NIAGARA.

A writer on board the *Niagara*, at Charleston, thus describes the shipment of the Africans taken in the slaver on board that vessel:

"The niggers have arrived, and we are now hoisting them on board. There are about one hundred small children of the age of ten or twelve. All the covering they have on is a blanket, and as they come over the side they lay down on the quarter-deck nearly in a state of nudity. They look very hard, I tell you, the worst lot of niggers I ever saw. I notice a great many of them have sore eyes, and are very thin and emaciated; they keep up a continual chattering like so many monkeys. The female portion are placed, as fast as they come on board, aft of the mizzen-mast, and secured. Two of them have children about a month old that have not the slightest covering on them. They all have provision for a day, which is placed in a small bag or an old stocking slung over the shoulder; a knife and spoon, which, with a blanket, constitute the whole of their traveling equipage. The women have an addition of two yards of calico wound around them, which they look upon with as much pride as a Fifth Avenue belle would upon a $300 shawl. They seem to be perfectly satisfied with what our good Uncle is doing for them, and roll around the decks in their dirt and filth with all the seeming luxuriance that a hog enjoys in a gutter or puddle of water in a warm day.

"We have also received one of the crew of the brig *Putnam*, who is to go with us to look out for them, as he is better acquainted with their habits and mode of living. He says they must all be kept on deck and not allowed to go below.

"In the morning, at four o'clock, the niggers were turned out and compelled to wash themselves, preparatory to their being fed—an operation which they are nowise inclined to do unless driven to it. We give them rice and molasses. They are fed in this way—divided into messes of ten each, males and females separate, and placed in two rooms fronting inward. A bucket is placed before each mess, and their food placed in it, and a sentinel placed over each mess to keep them from playing hog.

"One of the negroes, a child six years old, died last night. To-day (21st) three died. The weather is cold and piercing, with a northwest wind. Four more lying on deck half dead; and it is heart-rending to look at the poor, miserable creatures. At nine o'clock all hands were called to bury the dead. They were sewed up in the blanket which they died in, with a 32-pound shot at their head, and another at their heels; the captain read the burial service, and they were committed to the deep."

A Charleston letter, dated 22d September, says: "The *Niagara* sailed yesterday for Liberia with her cargo of Africans. Sunday was spent by the United States Marshal and Mr. Rainey in getting the negroes on board the frigate, which lay eighteen miles down the bay. It took six hours to embark them, 271 in number, of which forty-five were women and girls, the males being mostly boys.

"The sea ran very high. By the aid of a derrick and guy, the little steamer *General Clinch* lying fifty feet astern, they were swung up in a coal bucket, four at a time. It was a dangerous and exciting operation. The Marshal, District Attorney, and Mr. Rainey embarked and disembarked in the same way.

"The negroes seemed delighted to be on so large a vessel, but evidently regarded their shipment as only a new phase of the slave trade. Being hungry, having had only a little rice all day, a sailor gave one of them a beef bone, which soon aroused the whole pack, large and small, into a contest and a fight. They raised a terrible rumpus for a while. The only means of managing them is by giving them into the care of Franco, one of the slaver's crew, a Portuguese from Madeira. He cooks for and has full control of them. The District Attorney consented to let him accompany them, as there was no agent of the Colonization Society on board."

GOLD IN KANSAS.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes: "The existence of gold in Western Kansas is no longer questionable, and the early reports from Pike's Peak are fully confirmed by parties recently returned for provisions and mining implements. The explorations of these parties over a space some 200 or 300 miles in extent resulted in their finding gold wherever they dug for it, though none were supplied with proper implements for mining. They report diggings at the head of the Platte and Arkansas rivers of remarkable richness; also that most of the gold so far discovered has averaged from 20 to 23 carats fine. Persons at the mines were making an average of ten dollars per day with only rude mining tools, and one party is reported to have taken out a thousand dollars in one week. These reports, coming from parties well known and respected in Kansas and Missouri, have caused no inconsiderable excitement along the river, and several parties have left for the diggings. Parties are also forming in Kansas City, Leavenworth, Bluff City, and other towns, to seek for gold in this new El Dorado. Wealthy men are sending to the Peak large quantities of provisions, and the Kansas Stage Company are purchasing a large number of mules to form a stage line direct to Pike's Peak from the Missouri River. The estimated expense from Kansas City or from Leavenworth to the diggings, including outfit, mining implements, and provisions for six months, is $150 per man; this includes two teams of cattle and one wagon for every four persons. Further information from Pike's Peak is awaited with great anxiety."

BURKE AND HIS HORSE.

In the course of a speech at the Springfield Horse Fair last week, Mr. Everett told the following affecting anecdote:

"If there is any one who doubts that the horse—the animal that most concerns us on this occasion—is susceptible of the kindest feelings of our nature, I think he would be convinced of his error by a most interesting anecdote of Edmund Burke. In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living in retirement on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad; and the fact that was stated in support of this rumor, was that he went round his park kissing his cows and horses. A friend, a man of rank and influence hearing this story, and deeming it of too much importance to be left uncorrected, hastened to Beaconsfield, and sought an interview with the view of ascertaining the truth of the rumor. Entering into conversation with him, Mr. Burke read to him some chapters from his 'Letters on the Regicide.' His friend immediately saw, that though the earthly tenement was verging back to its native dust, the lampof reason and genius shone with undiminished lustre. He was accordingly more than satisfied as to the object of his coming down, and in a private interview with Mrs. Burke told her what he had come for, and received from her this pathetic explanation. Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had not long before died, leaving behind him a favorite horse, the companion of his excursions of business and pleasure, when both were young and vigorous. This favorite animal was of course turned out by Mr. Burke, the father, into the park, with directions to all his servants that he should in every respect be treated as a privileged favorite. Mr. Burke himself, of course, in his morning walks, would often stop to caress the favorite animal. On one occasion, as he was taking his morning walk through the park, he perceived the poor old animal at a distance, and noticed that he was recognized by him. The horse drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with the most pleading look of recognition, which said, as plainly as words could have said: 'I have lost him, too;' and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head upon Mr. Burke's bosom! Struck by the singularity of the occurrence—struck by the recollection of his son, whom he had never ceased to mourn with a grief that would not be comforted—overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal, expressed in the mute eloquence of holy Nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and, clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up that voice which had caused the arches of Westminster Hall to echo the noblest strains that ever sounded within them, and wept aloud! Sir, this was seen, this was heard by the passers-by, and the enemies of Burke, unappeased by his advancing years, by his failing health, by his domestic sorrows, made it the ground of a charge of insanity. Burke is gone; but, Sir, so help me Heaven, if I were called upon to designate the event or the period in Burke's life that would best sustain a charge of insanity, it would not be when, in a gush of the holiest and purest feeling that ever stirred the human heart, he wept aloud on the neck of a dead son's favorite horse."

WASHINGTON'S FAMILY BIBLE.

The agent of the Nashville Bible Society, Mr. R. M. Hawkins, has recently been distributing Bibles in Macon county, Tennessee, and while traveling through the country met with the old family Bible that found a place in General Washington's chamber. Mr. Hawkins says: "I took it in my hand and examined it carefully, after which I read the 19th psalm in family worship. I then asked the brother to tell me how he came in possession of it. He said that, at the General's death, his niece fell heir to the Bible. Previous to leaving Virginia her son was taken sick and died. He waited on him until death. The old lady told him that she was getting old, and that she had nothing to give him for waiting on her son save the old family Bible. He gladly received it, and brought it to Tennessee with him on horseback. He told me that he would not take three thousand dollars for it. The gentleman lives in the town of Lafayette, Macon county, and his name is Colonel Claiborne. You can't begin to imagine how I felt turning over its leaves. I really felt and thought that I had found a precious jewel. It appeared to me that I would have given any price for it."

UNVAILING THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* of 20th ult. says: "This morning workmen commenced demolishing the portion of the brick wall intended to be removed at the Christ Church burying-ground, at Fifth and Arch streets, for the purpose of allowing the grave of Franklin to be seen from the street. The work has been confided to Mr. John Skirving, architect, through whose courtesy we have been permitted to inspect the plan of the alterations. Two panels of the wall will be removed, leaving a space sixteen feet in the clear, which will be occupied by a neat and plain iron railing. The railing will be flanked with the original heavy brick columns which now intersect the panels of the wall, and these columns will be surmounted with stone balls corresponding with the original ornaments upon the corners and at the gateways of the ground. The railing, the top of which will be the same height as the wall, will rest upon a neat marble base, some ten or twelve inches in height. This arrangement will enable persons to look directly in upon the humble flat stone which covers the grave of 'Benjamin and Deborah Franklin.'"

A BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

One of the proposed features of the Rensselaer County Fair, was a balloon ascension by Mr. La Mountain, who made a successful ascension last week from Troy. But owing to unavoidable accident the aeronaut was unable to carry out his programme. The Troy *Times*, in an article on the subject, takes occasion to use the following language with reference to an aerial expedition across the ocean: "The scheme of crossing the ocean with a balloon has been proposed by Messrs. Wise and Steiner, and each has offered to build an air-ship of the requisite size, and make the trip, but has failed in getting a subscription of twenty thousand dollars for the purpose. Mr. La Mountain says he will remain in this city during the present winter, and build a balloon sixty-five feet in diameter, with an extensive power of five tons, with which he will cross the ocean, starting from this city in May next, and land within twenty-five miles of any given point in Europe. He has discovered a principle which will enable him to retain the gas in his balloon for any given length of time, and he is confident that the air can be navigated as well as water, and with a little difficulty. He does not ask twenty thousand dollars to make the attempt, and is willing to encounter the attendant risks without any immediate prospect of reward. We are glad the trial is to be made at this point. Whether it is a success or a failure, it will be a rare sight to witness the departure from our midst of a balloon inflated with 150,000 feet of gas, and carrying a ship provided with apparatus for navigating the air."

DEATH OF THE RICHEST MAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

Ebenezer Francis, Esq., died at his residence in Pemberton Square, at half past six o'clock on 21st ult. The deceased was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, October 15, 1775, and at his death was, therefore, nearly eighty-three years of age. He was the only son of Colonel Ebenezer Francis, who was killed in the battle of Hubbardtown, near Ticonderoga, July, 1777. He came to Boston in January, 1787, a poor boy, and obtained a situation in the counting-room of the late Jonathan Harris, with whom he was subsequently several years connected in business.

"In a few years," says the Boston *Journal*, "Mr. Harris retired, the copartnership was dissolved, and Mr. Francis took a store on Long Wharf, where he engaged in the foreign trade and became a large ship-owner. He retired from mercantile business about twenty years ago with a large fortune, but has greatly added to it since that period. He has been well known for many years past in financial circles as a large dealer in negotiable paper, and a conspicuous operator in other money transactions. His wealth is variously estimated at from $3,500,000 to $4,000,000. He had on deposit in the banks of Boston at the time of his death about $2,300,000, not having renewed any paper for several months past. He was also a large owner of bank stock, mortgages, etc. It is understood that this vast wealth is left subject to his last will and testament, made some time since, and that the bulk of his property has been given to his heirs-at law."

He married the eldest daughter of Colonel Israel Thorndike, then of Beverly. Of seven children of this marriage, five are dead without issue; the two survivors are the wives of N. I. Bowditch and Robert M. Mason, Esqrs. Another of his daughters was the first wife of the late distinguished banker, John E. Thayer, of Boston.

A FURIOUS HORSE IN A CROWD.

A frightful accident occurred at the State Fair ground in Sandusky. An excited horse, on exhibition, in a contest for the prizes, broke through the barriers of the arena, dashed in among the people, injuring five persons, two so badly that they died soon after the accident. The following are the details:

The arena, a ring for the exhibition of animals at the State Fair, is inclosed by a post and board railing, a single board running all the way round the circle. Facing the Judges' stand is an extensive step platform for ladies, the platform ascending gradually until it reaches a height of some thirty feet. Beneath this platform were arranged one or two booths, and a number of seats for visitors. This spot was a pleasant retreat from the sun, and was constantly crowded with fatigued visitors. It was there the damage was done.

About two o'clock four celebrated roadsters were brought into the ring in competition for the prizes. It was evidently to be a close contest between them, and they attracted great attention. The entire circle was surrounded by spectators, who manifested the greatest interest in the movements of the horses. While running at full trot, one of the horses became unmanagable, and dashing off at his fullest speed, came near upsetting his driver, and creating quite a consternation among the spectators. He was finally stopped, however, and the Marshal of the ring observing that the animals as well as their drivers were becoming much excited, determined to put an end to the race. He had just given orders to that effect, when the hub of one of the vehicles accidentally raked the wheel of another, and in an instant split and tore from it every felloe.

HE CHARGES THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The horse attached to the broken sulky, a spirited animal, which had already become the favorite of the spectators, was then going at a rapid rate, but with the crash, which upset the vehicle to which he was attached, and threw out his driver, he bounded off at a fearful speed. He dragged after him the one-wheeled sulky, which filled the air with dust. As he ran fearfully around the circle, the mass of people rushed away from the inclosure, though they were called upon to stand still and keep the horse within the ring.

The excited horse suddenly left the track, and running over the sward, aimed directly for the upper end of the ladies' platform. The crowd that occupied this spot attempted to get out of his way, and a rush was made in every direction, and a number of persons fell or were thrown down. The horse—still dragging the vehicle—hurried on, dashed against the inclosure, broke down the barrier, and pursued his course. Turning suddenly to the left, he bounded in under the ladies' platform, where a number of men, women, and children, totally ignorant of the cause of confusion, were sitting. As he sprang among them he fell, and his progress was stopped. The scene at this point at that time was fearful—men, women, and children flying in every direction, and the latter screaming with alarm.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Those who preserved their presence of mind hastened to secure the horse, which was done, and, somewhat injured, he was conducted to his stable. Several injured persons were picked up. An old gentleman, named Mallack, for some time afflicted with the palsy, was taken up fatally injured. He was carried into the ladies' saloon, and received prompt medical assistance. The horse's fore-feet had struck him on the forehead and in the breast. He died, we understand, in one hour and a half after the accident. A lady, residing in the country, was sitting holding her little girl by the hands. The horse fell upon them, and, in rising again, kicked the child in the back. The mother also was carried to the ladies' saloon, and her injuries pronounced not dangerous. She suffered very much.

The child was carried into the manufacturers' hall, and received every attention. It was about seven years of age. She was removed with her mother to the city, and died, it was rumored, last night. A young lady, whose name we could not learn, also received some injuries, but after recovering from her fright was able to walk to a carriage and ride home. Quite a number of others were hurt in the rush, but only slightly. The driver of the animal, who was thrown out in the ring, was considerably bruised, but escaped, and miraculously too, with whole bones. At the time of this occurrence crowds of people were all over the fair grounds. It is considered fortunate that the horse, so soon after leaving the arena, dashed into a spot where his progress was stopped.

FIENDISH ACT.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "An affair occurred on Friday evening last, on the Detroit and Milwaukie Railway, which should condemn its perpetrators to the State Prison for life, if the facts are as stated. As the passenger train was going west, at full speed, the engineer discovered, near the station at Ada, the body of a man lying motionless on the track. He immediately reversed the engine, and succeeded in stopping the train just as the locomotive reached the spot where the man lay. In the mean time he saw four men running for the woods, and, in company with several passengers, gave chase. Three of them were caught and brought back. The man who was found on the track was insensible, having been beaten by the ruffians until he was reduced to that state, and then left on the track in such a position that he must have been run over, had the train been a little later, in the darkness of the evening. He was bruised and cut from head to foot, and when restored to his senses, stated that the men had set upon him on account of some difficulty that they had had, and pounded him with clubs and stones, giving him nine severe cuts on his head. His name is Lambert. The perpetrators of the dastardly deed, who had been secured, were lodged in jail to await their trial."

PERSONAL.

The *Times* says: "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is *not* in Europe, but has been residing quietly at her home in Andover for a year and a half past. We are authorized to say that the lady has not been *fêted* in Paris, for the reason that she was not in Paris when somebody who took her name was *fêted;* nor is she preparing a book on Normandy, as the English papers insist upon reporting. The stories which float about in the Paris and London Press, purporting to describe the movements of Mrs. Stowe, clearly relate to some unknown individual who is carrying on a very large hoax. Is there a bogus Mrs. Stowe abroad?"

The *Herald* contains the following: "Among the distinguished visitors at the St. Nicholas Hotel at present are Postmaster-General Brown and his accomplished and interesting family. On Saturday evening we observed one of the young ladies (a universal favorite last winter at Washington) in a box at the Opera with Collector Schell and a party of friends. The ladies were quite carried away by Madame Colson's beautiful rendering of 'Traviata.' We understand that Governor Brown and family will remain a few days in town, and will then proceed on a brief official visit to Boston."

The famous Captain de Riviere, who appears to have come safely through all his troubles, is announced, next in order, as a public lecturer. He is to speak at Hope Chapel, on Wednesday evening, on "Love"—a subject in which he may be supposed to be "posted."

A young lady from Baltimore, whose name is not given, has arrived in Charleston, to tender her services as nurse for the yellow fever sick, after the manner of Mrs. Annie Andrews. She proposes to go to New Orleans, should her services be required.

George Parish, Esq., the well known millionaire of Ogdensburg, is another remarkable illustration of the French proverb, "*L' eau coule a la rivière.*" His uncle, the Baron of Seuftenberg, in Bohemia, and Knight of several Orders, has just died, leaving him heir to his title and vast possessions. Mr. Parish, our Baron, is now in Bohemia, making all the arrangements necessary in connection with the succession. He may be induced, ultimately, to fix his residence there, unless his attachment to his own country and institutions should prove stronger than the attraction of feudal honors.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

STATE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

AT latest dates the condition of the Atlantic Telegraph was unaltered. The signals continue to be read, but are too uncertain and faint to be intelligible. Occasionally a short word is given, but never any thing approaching to a sentence. The experiments made still lead to the belief that the injury is near to the coast, probably within two or three miles. The strong portion of the cable, manufactured expressly for the shore end, has been shipped from Plymouth for Valentia, and will be substituted immediately on its arrival for the ordinary wire, which, however well adapted for undisturbed depths, is totally inadequate to resist liability to accident upon a rocky coast.

The *Times* Plymouth correspondent telegraphed, on the 9th, that instructions had unexpectedly arrived from

Ireland for suspending the embarkation of the Valentia shore end of the cable on board the steamship *Belda*, which vessel was to receive it.

The Liverpool *Post* says that electrical experiments have proved beyond a doubt that the defect in the cable arises from leakage at a distance of two hundred and forty miles from land.

The Directors were to meet in London on the day the *Niagara* sailed to discuss future action. The shares fluctuated from four hundred and eighty to five hundred and twenty pounds, with numerous transactions.

WHAT THE LONDON DIRECTORS SAY.

The London *Times* says: "Up to the present time no communication of any kind, telegraphic or otherwise, has been received at the office of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, as to the operations supposed to be going on at Valentia to ascertain the point of interruption of the electric signals, since the message from Mr. Saward, the Secretary of the Company, dated from that place on Saturday, and which appeared in our impression of Monday. The Directors, accompanied by Mr. Saward and several practical electricians, are still at Valentia; but at present the officials of the Company left in London are without information as to what has been done there to discover the place of stoppage or the result. The permanent shore end of the cable intended for the Valentia end, and which is much stronger and thicker than the rest, and calculated to resist the greater amount of risk to which it is exposed as it approaches the landing-place, is now being embarked at Plymouth, and will be conveyed to its destination without delay. The impression still obtains among the Company's servants that the point of interruption is at no great distance from the Valentia termination, and this derives confirmation from the letter of Mr. Whitehouse."

MR. BRIGHT KNIGHTED.

Charles T. Bright, Engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has received the honor of Knighthood. A banquet took place at Killarney on the 7th inst. in honor of the cable. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland attended. He emphatically denied that he absented himself from the Dublin banquet from sectarian bigotry or personal hostility to the great enterprise. Official necessity was the sole cause of his non-attendance. The toasts included the President of the United States, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, Captain Hudson, the officers of the *Niagara*, etc.

A DEFENSE OF LANDOR.

Mr. Shirley Brooks publishes a defense of Walter Savage Landor, in which he begs for the mercy of the public. He winds up as follows: "Whether Mr. Landor will be aided to pay the £1000 damages we have no knowledge. We have a right to assume that there may be some doubt about his own ability, if he have the will, to pay it; because it is not very long ago that he made public declaration that he possessed but a small sum, with which he proposed to endow the widow of the first tyrannicide. One would think there would be no great difficulty in preserving the old poet from a jail. The object with which we, very reluctantly, have written this brief narrative, is to urge that something is due from England to Landor. For more than sixty years Walter Savage Landor has been enriching and adorning the literature of this country. We repeat, England owes a debt to Landor, and it is not to be canceled by the miserable follies of that which has survived to be but half Landor, and that not the better half. We had rather hoped to see this view taken by some of our contemporaries, instead of hearing the virtuous British outcry against that which every respectable person among us—cheesemongers, beadles, and all—of course, must condemn; namely, an atrocious slander on a lady. We all know how detestable are such offenses, and we are, it is to be hoped, all ready to punish them at need; but in the case of an old man of eighty-three, who has outlived his best faculties, virtuous indignation seems a little obtrusive. Let us pay the aggrieved lady her damages, and then try whether we can not take such order with the slanderer as shall show that the memory of sixty years of noble service is not wiped out by a few vagaries of imbecile anger."

HOW SHOULD LADIES DRESS FOR HORSE EXERCISE?

Mr. Rarey gives the following sensible advice: "Few ladies know how to dress for horse exercise. As to the head-dress, it may be whatever is in fashion, provided it fits the head so as not to require continual adjustment, often needed when the hands would be better employed with the reins and whip. It should shade from the sun; and, if used in hunting, protect the nape of the neck from rain. As to the riding-habit, the sleeves must fit rather closely; nothing can be more out of place, inconvenient, and ridiculous than the wide, hanging sleeves which look so well in a drawing-room. For country use the skirt of a habit may be short, and bordered at the bottom a foot deep with leather. The fashion of a waistcoat of light material for summer, revived from the fashion of last century, is a decided improvement, and so is the over-jacket of cloth or sealskin for rough weather. It is the duty of every woman to dress in as becoming and attractive a manner as possible; there is no reason why pretty young girls should not indulge in picturesque riding costume so long as it is appropriate. Many ladies entirely spoil the sit of the skirts by retaining the usual *impedimenta* of petticoats. The best-dressed horse-women wear nothing more than a flannel chemise, with long, colored sleeves. Ladies' trowsers should be the same material and color as the habit; and if full, flowing like a Turk's, and fastened with an elastic band round the ankle, they will not be distinguished from the skirt. In this costume, which may be made amply warm by the folds of the trowsers, plaited like a Highlander's kilt (fastened with an elastic band at the waist, a lady can sit down in a manner impossible for one encumbered by two or three short petticoats. It is the chest and back that require double folds of protection during and after stormy exercise. There is a prejudice against ladies wearing long Wellington boots; but it is quite absurd, for they need never be seen, and are a great comfort and protection in riding long distances, when worn with trowsers tucked inside. They should, for obvious reasons, be large enough for warm woolen stockings, and easy to get on and off. It would not look well to see a lady struggling out of a pair of wet boots with the help of a boot-jack and a couple of chambermaids. The heels of riding-boots, whether for ladies or gentlemen, should be low, but long, to keep the stirrup in its place."

STORY OF A MAD LOVER.

A late lunacy inquiry respecting the sanity of a wealthy commoner elicited a curious fact in connection with "love at first sight," which is worth detailing, especially as the family (living in the greatest affluence in Park Lane) can not be in the least injured by its recapitulation. The anecdote is told of a man who is now in St. Luke's, and has been detained there ever since the occurrence took place which consigned him to its walls. Lady —— was so exquisitely fair, so singularly graceful, that it was difficult for the eye of man to behold her without preferring her to any other of her sex. A porter was sent from a railway terminus to this lady by her brother; this man, the present occupant of St. Luke's, got to the door in Park Lane just as the beauty alighted out of her carriage from an airing in Hyde Park. The man, who had never seen Lady —— as she was then, tripping up stairs, asked a servant for the lady to whom the letter was directed, and was answered he might give the letter to him for his lady. On the poor fellow's refusal, as he was ordered to deliver it into her own hands, he was shown into her apartment. The man, being with the lady alone while she was employed reading the letter, fixed his eyes on her intently, as if lost in thought; but before she had done reading it, he violently, and with transport, flew into her arms and gave her numberless devouring kisses. Lady —— was so surprised that she lost the power of crying out; but in the struggle with such a sudden and strange lover she caught hold of the string of the bell, rung it violently, and a servant appeared. From that moment the unhappy man lost his reason, and was committed to the madhouse. It is due to Lady —— to state the fact that the maniac lover is frequently visited, and is wholly supported by Lady ——.

BURNING A BOY'S EYE OUT.

A Liverpool paper says: "On 8th September a little boy named Frederick Roley was looking through a hole in the wall inclosing the iron works of Messrs. Finley, Upper Warwick Street, when Patrick Macfarlane, a boy, who was at work at one of the fires, observing him, thrust a red-hot bar through the aperture, and burned out the little fellow's eye. Suffering terrible anguish, the poor boy was removed to his home, where he lies in a precarious state, inflammation of the brain having set in. Macfarlane, whose parents reside at No. 84 Mann Street, is in custody, awaiting the result of the injuries thus recklessly inflicted.

A HORSE KILLED BY WASPS.

As Major-General Dalton, of the Royal Artillery, was driving with his family in an open carriage, on the afternoon of the 31st ult., a large swarm of wasps, darkening the air by their numbers, attacked his horse, stinging it in every part of the body in a most frightful manner. They pitched in hundreds upon the horse, a very valuable and high-spirited animal, pursuing the carriage for nearly a mile, and endangering the lives of all who were in it, who, however, fortunately escaped with only a few stings. On reaching home the horse had suffered so severely that it was found necessary to send for a veterinary surgeon, and every necessary remedy was resorted to, but the shock given to the nervous system, and the high state of inflammation produced, caused death in forty-eight hours.

SERMONS IN VERSE.

The *Athenæum* tells the following story: "The last thing we should have fancied is to have heard within the pulpit echoes of the form and fashion of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' In the fore part of the season, down at (then not crowded) Ramsgate, an acute preacher, to attract a num'rous gathering, advertised his fixed intention, twice (D.V.) on the next Sunday, sermons twain then to deliver, in majestic blank verse uttered. And he did it! they who listened had a weary, weary season; season very weary had they, list'ning to the man who did it; man obese, obese his wit too. To describe we will not venture, how the pump went onward working, at each lifting of the handle, dribbling forth its stinted measure. Very painful 'twas to hear it, very pleasant to the speaker; love was the all-graceful subject; quite unlovely was the treatment. But 'twas with a moral pointed; moral pointed very sharply; sharply pointed to the pocket; and it showed how if our bosoms glowed but with the Love he painted, we should prove it by a lib'ral coming-down at the collection!"

POPULAR EDUCATION ILLUSTRATED.

A Scotch paper has the following: "One little incident we must mention, as illustrating education by rote. Walking to church one Sunday in Skye, we were followed by a slip of a lad some ten or eleven years of age, who, on putting some questions to him, volunteered to name all the capitals of Europe, which he did with marvelous dexterity. From Europe he crossed to South America, and rattled out the names of the capitals with the accuracy of a calculating machine. From South America he started off to Asia; and finally brought up at Jeddo, in Japan. We were rather skeptical as to the value of such acquirements, and, indeed, as to the reality of any information having been conveyed to the lad's mind by the formidable muster-roll of words that had been stuffed into his mouth. We therefore asked him, 'Can you tell us the name of the island you live in?' But, notwithstanding his lore, he had not learned that he lived in the Isle of Skye. To make sure of the fact we requested the captain of the steamer to repeat the question in Gaelic; but there was no Skye forthcoming. He knew the name of the parish, and of all the capitals in the world, but not of the island he lived in. There being a schoolmaster present accidentally, we thought the occasion too good to be lost to show the worthlessness of word-stuffing, and ventured another question—'Now, my lad, you have told us the names of nearly all the capitals in the world; is a capital a man or a beast?' 'It's a beast,' said the boy, quite decisively. So much for words without understanding. In the next school inspection that boy will probably pass for a prodigy, and will figure in statistical reports as an example of what good education can do."

THE MILLIONAIRES OF ENGLAND.

There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty-four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand. In Ireland there is but one person who has an income of upward of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; twenty-one have incomes from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and thirty from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

RATS IN A DEAD-HOUSE.

At an inquest held before the Coroner of Liverpool, a few days ago, on the body of a carter named Wright, who had died at the Southern Hospital from the effects of a compound fracture of the leg, caused by some timber falling upon him, it transpired that rats had obtained access to the corpse while in the dead-house of the hospital, and stripped the flesh from one of the cheeks, one of the hands, and other parts of the body. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. It appeared that in the dead-house of the Southern Hospital, where the body was placed, also lay the body of a man (Keenan) who had been suffocated in a sewer, and which smelled so strongly of gas that the doors and windows of the dead-house were left open. The rats, which swarm in the neighborhood of the hospital, owing to the proximity of the timber-ships and timber-yards, got into the room, and in the morning one side of the deceased man's (Wright's) face was found to have been gnawed away, one of his hands was stripped of flesh, and the flesh about the wound was jagged and mangled, and a hole made about the size of a man's fist. In reply to the jury, the porter in the Southern Hospital said the rats were so numerous in the place that they sometimes ran over him while in bed. THE CORONER—"Rats abound in that locality in hundreds. If you were to occupy a room in some of the places there for one night, leave the door open, and lie on the floor, I would undertake to say that one half of the jury would be eaten up before morning. [Sensation.] They come from the river in droves at night. I have killed one as big as a cat, with an umbrella." THE FOREMAN—"Of course it does not affect a man after his death, but for decency's sake care should be taken to preserve the bodies from being mangled." THE BEADLE—"All this took place last night. When I was there yesterday all was right." After some conversation, one of the jury said the circumstance was most disgraceful. "I think," he added, "the jury will all agree with me, that a more disgustable affair nobody could either sit down with or stand to look at than this at the Southern Hospital. It is a most disgustable affair to be in any national country to allow rats to come in any hospital, and let the rats eat dead bodies." The jury agreed with the propriety of these denunciations, and the matter was allowed to drop.

FRANCE.

THE BIBLE A PROTESTANT TRACT.

A curious fact is pointed out by the *Journal des Débats*, that the right of distributing Bibles conceded to the Protestants by the treaty just concluded with China is denied them in the French department of the Sarthe, where the prefect has just prohibited the circulation of the Bible "and other Protestant tracts."

MORPHY DEFEATED AT PARIS.

Mr. Morphy, in his first encounter at chess, at Paris, with the Prussian Herr Harrwitz, was signally overthrown at Café Regence, after three hours' contest. Harrwitz won first move, and proposed to play "King's gambit," which the Yankee accepted. Morphy sacrificed a knight for a terrific attack, which, with an inferior antagonist, must have succeeded. Harrwitz made a firm defense, and remained after the shock with queen and four pawns to queen and one. By admirable manœuvring the Prussian succeeded in enforcing an exchange of queens, which decided Morphy to resign.

HOW MORPHY WAS BEATEN.

The *Herald* has the following account of the affair: "The admirers of chess on this side of the ocean were somewhat taken aback, on the arrival of the *Niagara*, to learn that the American chess champion, Paul Morphy, was beaten by Harrwitz, in Paris, on his first game with that great player. It was unfortunate that the steamer did not bring us intelligence of two or more games, when, no doubt, a very different story would be told. Chess people here will be very much disappointed if the next steamer does not bring us news of the defeat of the German.

"As it was, however, the victory was not much to boast of. Herr Harrwitz had the first move, and he adopted the unusual course of requesting Mr. Morphy to accept the king's gambit, a game which compels the second player to remain on the defensive for the first dozen moves at least, while the first player has a fine attack. Mr. Morphy chivalrously consented to the wish of the German, although he thereby had to adopt a defensive game, while his great strength is in his masterly and overwhelming attacks. In the course of the game an opportunity occurred whereby Morphy, by sacrificing a knight, could get up an attack on his own account, and, tired of being on the defensive, he yielded to the temptation, which eventually cost him the game. With a weaker player the attack he got up would have been overwhelming; but Harrwitz happens to know two or three things about chess more than the American gave him credit for, and he defended himself with such wariness that toward the close of the game, when the pieces were all changed off except the queens, he retained four pawns, whereas Morphy had but one. The German then compelled an exchange of queens, and, of course, won easily with his preponderance of pawns. It is very likely that next time Morphy will be careful how he sacrifices pieces with a player like Harrwitz."

THE BRIDE OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The *Court Journal* says: "Mademoiselle Paniega has remained unmarried for reasons of the most comprehensive kind. She was, for many years, bent on a religious life, and remained secluded in the convent in which she had been educated, fully resolved to renounce the world at her father's death, and never seek to play any conspicuous part in the government of her family. The persuasive arguments used by Madame Montijo alone prevented this extreme step, about two years ago, and it was by the advice of that same watchful lady that she accompanied her to Paris, to partake in the distractions offered by that gay capital, and the position for enjoying them to be secured by paying a visit to her relative, the Empress Eugénie. No sooner had she arrived than the fame of her beauty spread abroad like wildfire. She is no longer very young (for she has been wrongfully confounded with her sister-in-law), but the quiet, unobtrusive life which she has led, the peace of mind she has enjoyed, have preserved the calm, unruffled semblance of early youth in her lovely countenance—and the Empress was the first to perceive the immense sensation her beautiful relative had occasioned, and all the use which might be drawn from the admiration thus created. By degrees the young lady became accustomed to hear of other means of happiness than that afforded by a religious life, and to perceive that there exist other dominions better worth governing than a religious community, and at length she was induced to listen without aversion to the idea of marriage, as the one best befitting a *demoiselle* of her beauty and station.

HOW THE DUKE WAS CAUGHT.

"It was just at the critical moment, so says the *salon*, when Mademoiselle Paniega was beginning to accept this possible change of prospects in her destiny, that the dilemma concerning the Duc de Malakoff was mooted, and the Empress, with true feminine tact, was immediately aware of the best method of reclaiming the old soldier, and tethering him forever to the Imperial camp. The business was not, however, completed until the journey to Cherbourg enabled the two 'proposed ones' to see more of each other than they had hitherto done, and, as a matter of course, to become attached. The Empress has gained great credit for this stroke of womanly policy, as, by uniting the Marshal to a member of her own family, she has forever made him her own. The affianced couple appeared together for the first time the other night at the opera, and the beauty of Mademoiselle Paniega attracted all beholders. The Emperor bestows a million of francs as the bride's dowry, and the Empress is to furnish a *trousseau* worthy the occasion. Upon the whole, it has been said by envious tongues, that the young lady *ait une bonne affaire*—speaking in Parisian phrase concerning these matters—and yet, strange to say, it is the Marshal alone who is envied.

HAS HE ANY OTHER WIVES EXTANT?

"So far so good—thus far goes the tale in Madame de V——'s all-powerful *salon* one day, when lo! the next, out comes the reverse side of the medal, the sable lining to this rose-colored recital being the awful doubt expressed whether the marriage will ever take place, in consequence of a previous claim being existent in Algeria, which *may* be extinct, but until such fact can be ascertained, no second union can be possible! Hardly have we recovered from the surprise into which they were thrown by this astounding revelation, when another and milder version of the objection to immediate union is murmured forth in the assurance of the Duke's engagement on parole with the young lady in the Convent of Les Oiseaux, to whom he bound himself to await her decision for one whole year, reckoning from the 1st of January last—when she refused him, for the fourth time; which he, on his part, for the fourth time, refused to take as the final 'once for all.' These have been the suppositions and surmises afloat during the week, and all have found believers and *colporteurs*. For us, who behold the rise and fall of so many of these amiable speculations, we are compelled to confess that we always wait to see which of them comes true before we pronounce ourselves in favor of any, so that our judgment may never be at fault, and that what we affirm may always be taken as truth by our readers."

IS HOLY WATER DUTIABLE?

A Brussels letter says: "The so-called 'Miracle of Lourdes,' pleasantly satirized by the *Débats* in a recent article, has led to a curious contest, in which the profane Customs department of Belgium is the principal actor. Sundry superstitious persons in this country, placing perfect faith in the miraculous qualities of the Virgin's spring at Lourdes, ordered and received supplies. Hearing of this, some Pyrenean speculator thought he might turn this credulity to good account, so he dispatched a considerable number of bottles to a Brussels commissioner, with a declaration describing the contents to be 'healing waters.' The hampers reached the frontier Customs-office in safety, but were not permitted to pass until the tariff duties on all mineral or medicinal waters should be paid. In vain the agent remonstrated, and claimed exemption by asserting that the waters were neither mineral nor medicinal, but the pure element endowed by Divine grace with universal healing properties. This having no effect upon the unbelieving Customs officers, who insisted that healing waters must be medicinal, the duties of mineral waters were paid under protest, and the matter referred, through the French legation, to the Minister of Finance. So the latter is placed in the awkward position of having to decide whether water declared to possess healing and thence medicinal qualities, through the Virgin's agency, be or be not subject to the tariff laws. The question excites great amusement at this place among all but the confirmed clericals."

FASHIONABLE FAT.

The late news about the Paris "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring vast quantities of butter, mashed rose leaves, and such like. The Empress is quite corpulent, which accounts for the style. The fashion will be here before long. We hail it with "joy." A new era is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. The will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the wash-tub, perhaps.

AN ILLITERATE MILLIONAIRE.

On the 4th the Paris Court of Bankruptcy had to deal with a peasant from Auvergne (the Auvernats are all water-carriers or railway porters in Paris), but Michael Landier's balance-sheet showed a deficit of 1,508 160 francs (above £60,000). He had dealt in rabbit skins. He could neither read nor write, but contrived a sort of flourish which did duty for a signature. In three years one bank, that of Lecuyer, had 11,000,000f. (£440,000) worth of his paper passing through their establishment; and his business in the fur trade above mentioned amounted to an average of 2,000,000f. (£80,000) a year. He bought parcels at every fair in France, and had generally warehouses stocked with myriads of tons of rabbits' skins. His counting-house was a low wine-shop; he kept no ledger, and got his correspondence done at the various letter-writing stalls in the public highway. Under more favorable circumstances this busy brain might have achieved the first financial eminence in the land.

GERMANY.

STORY OF A CHAIR.

A Berlin journal has the following strange tale, of which it guarantees the truth: "An old woman, who lately died in the hospital, left, among other things, a very old arm-chair of Gothic style, and richly decorated. In the sale of her effects by auction, a foreigner paid as much as 500 francs for the chair, and surprise having been expressed at his giving so large a sum, he made this explanation: The chair, with other things, was offered by the States of Moehren to the Empress Maria Theresa, and for many years figured in her boudoir. After her death it, by her express desire, was sent to Queen Marie Antoinette in France, and afterward was one of the principal pieces of furniture allowed to Louis XVI. in the Temple. The King's valet-de-chambre, Fleury, afterward became possessed of the chair, and took it to England, where it became the property of the Prince Regent, and afterward of the Duke of Cumberland. The latter took it to Berlin, and there it was given to an upholsterer to repair. The workman charged with the job found secreted in it a diamond pin, a portrait in pencil of a boy, and a number of small sheets of paper filled with very small writing. The things he appropriated; the pin he sold, and the portrait and papers he gave to a watchmaker, a friend of his. Although the writing was in a foreign language the watchmaker succeeded in making out that it consisted of a series of secret and very important instructions drawn up by Louis XVI. for the Dauphin, his son, the portrait being that of the latter. The watchmaker, whose name was Naundorff, some years after gave himself out as Louis XVII., and produced the papers and portrait in question to prove his allegation. After making some noise in France and Belgium, in which latter country he passed by the name of Morel de Saint Didier, this man died in 1849. His son, who called himself Duke of Normandy, went to Java in 1853. The Berlin workman who discovered the documents naturally did not state how Naundorff became possessed of them, but just before his death, which took place lately, he made a full disclosure to his family. They found out that the famous arm-chair had remained in Berlin, and had come into possession of the old woman; and they caused it to be bought in order to sell it again in Austria."

RUSSIA.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION IN RUSSIA.

Accounts from St. Petersburg, dated September 1, talk of sad reverses. Another powder magazine has exploded, seven miles from the capital; 1200 pouds (near 40,000 pounds) of that combustible killed 100 workmen and shattered all the vicinity. This occurred at Okhta. Paulouski, a village and villa of Duc Constantine, had taken fire, and all was in ashes. Hundreds of houses had been burned at Moscow by clandestine fabricators of lucifer matches, that industry having been so highly taxed that contraband factories had been set up with this result. Forests were still in flames, and the smoke was intolerable in the streets of St. Petersburg.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ASTRACHAN.

The *Evening Post* contains the following: "Concerning the great calamity which has befallen the flourishing commercial city of Astrachan, of which the English papers by the last arrival furnish so meagre an account, we find full details in our German files. According to the Cologne *Gazette*, the fire first broke out about ten o'clock on the evening of the 12th of August, in a warehouse of coopers' hoops, on the left bank of the Volga. In less than fifteen minutes the flames extended to a neighboring lumber dock, which was totally destroyed. Meanwhile a high wind having arisen, by half past ten another dock and several dwelling-houses were in flames, and the fire rapidly spreading, it was found necessary, in order to arrest its progress, to tear down the buildings in its course. This apparently checked the conflagration in the direction of the wind; but about three o'clock some burning brands were blown upon a lumber-loaded bark lying in the harbor, and in a few minutes the flames shot up mast-high, communicating to other vessels lying near, and soon a whole fleet of burning vessels parted their anchors and floated down the Volga, in their course setting fire to others. After floating some five versts, the burning mass brought up at an uninhabited island, where some of the vessels sunk, others burned to the water's edge. Near this island, however, two of the vessels came in contact with a bark loaded with powder, which had arrived the previous evening, and a tremendous explosion ensued, setting on fire a large government provision warehouse and a private lumber dépôt, which were entirely destroyed. At 10 A.M., on the 13th, several of the burning vessels left their anchorage and floated toward the so-called Czar's Roadstead, where the flames communicated to seventeen government vessels, loaded with provisions. A bark, with a cargo of ammunition, and three ships freighted with cloth, all belonging to the government, were likewise consumed. The property destroyed in the city comprised 121 dwellings, 11 docks, many of them full of goods, and a stone church dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The number of vessels lost, and the value of the property destroyed, have not yet been ascertained."

INDIA.

A MAGNIFICENT HAUL OF PLUNDER.

The following extraordinary statement, given in the Bombay *Telegraph*, has been before briefly noticed: "It is stated in a letter from Banda that General Whitlock's column have made a large 'haul' from the rebels. A company of the Madras 43d Native Infantry, attached to the column, found 140 cart-loads of gold bricks and nuggets and forty lacs of rupees, and more was expected to be discovered. Besides this large amount of treasure, an immense quantity of jewels has also been found. These are supposed to have been the jewels belonging to the Peishwa's family, which, fifty years ago, mysteriously disappeared from Poonah, and were supposed to be in the possession of Scindia or Holkar. It is believed they were stolen by Bajee Row's brother, the adopted father of the present Narrein Row, who is now a prisoner. The treasure and jewelry found are said to be of the value of nine crores of rupees, or nine millions sterling." The last news of the Nena Sahib was that he had crossed the Gogra, and was reported to have sold his famous ruby, valued by the natives at £1,000,000, for £1000.

CHINA.

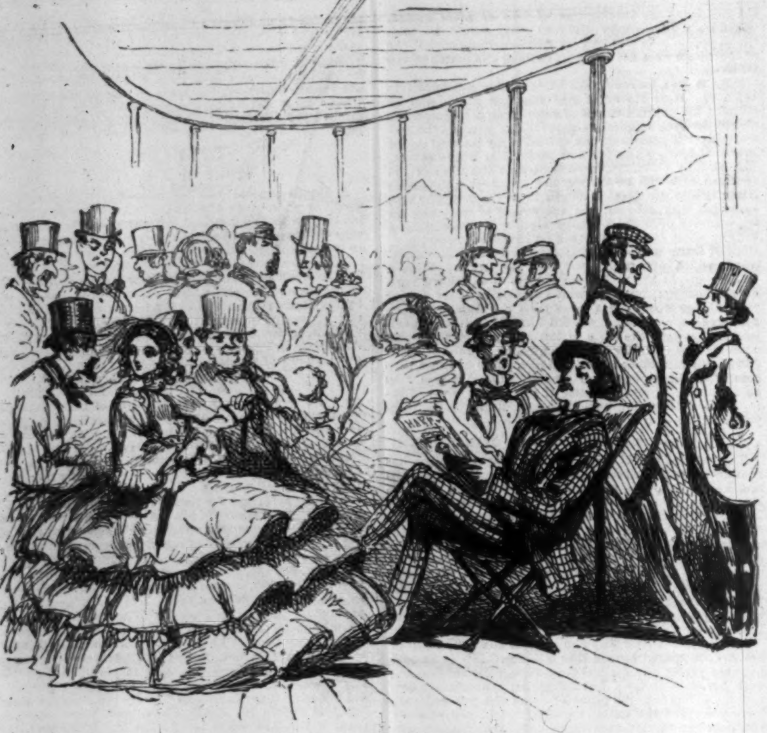
THE CHINESE INDEMNITY.

A letter from Hong Kong says that the Chinese indemnity to England is to be £3,200,000, and to France £1,200,000. The English treaty is said to be much more lengthened than the others, and the delay in its receipts is attributed to this fact. Another letter places the indemnity for the two countries as high as twenty millions sterling; but this is supposed to mean twenty million dollars.

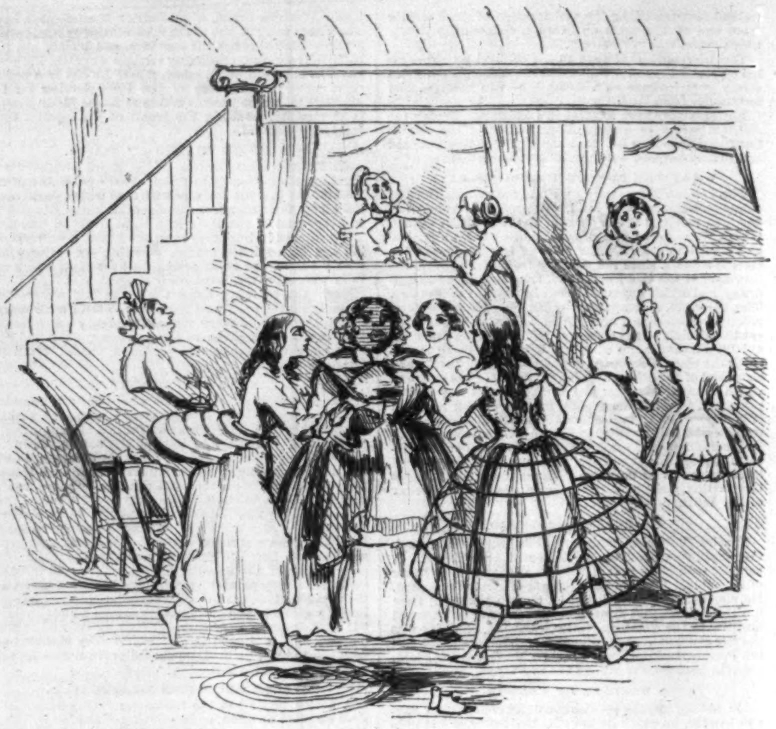
AUSTRALIA.

SPLENDID CHANCE FOR GIRLS.

The latest intelligence from Victoria contains a statistical return of no little interest to ladies. By the last returns of the Registrar-General of the colony, we perceive that the numerical preponderance of men over women amounted to the astounding sum of 134,000 in a population of 470,000. In other words, there were only about 168,000 women to 302,000 men, and this proportion was becoming even more unfavorable, as the gold-fields still acted as a magnet to the adult male labor of the world. Now these 134,000 unhappy bachelors consist mainly of men earning nearly the best wages in the world. An acre of land can be purchased for 20s., and what more obvious to the well-paid workman than that the only things necessary to a reasonable amount of earthly felicity are a cottage, a garden, and a wife? Are statistics always uninteresting to fair readers?



1.—THE HUDSON RIVER BOAT.



2.—THE LADIES' CABIN.

A TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

My dear Aunt Bessie,—You will expect me to give you a full account of our *delightful* trip to the Falls. Oh, dear Aunt! words fail me to describe that sublime sight—the rush of waters—the war of the cataract—the—the—I can't possibly give you the least idea of our sensations, or of the marvelous works of the Creator which aroused them, or even relate in a decent shape the events of the *heavenly* trip which your niece Clara has just enjoyed. My feelings are too highly wrought—But I must begin, trusting to your well-known *sweetness of disposition* to make allowance for the shortcomings of my story.

It so happened that the Lindsays (who live, you know, a few doors from us, and are such delightful people, especially young Alfred) were going to Niagara. They were to start on Wednesday. Papa had fixed Tuesday as the day on which our trip was to commence. Unfortunately, I had such a severe headache (you remember, dear Aunt, what a martyr I am to *migraine*) on Tuesday morning that I could not possibly undergo the fatigue of traveling on that day. Papa was as unreasonable as men will be, and insisted on our departure; but happily mamma stood firm, and said that if her Clara was to be sacrificed she would have no part in the sacrifice. So we waited; and on Wednesday the Lindsays and ourselves went on board the Albany steamer together. Young Alfred *would* hand me on board, and his poor sisters (they are so good-natured; but oh! dear Aunty, *such frights!*) had to find their way on board the best way they could. Alfred got seats for us in the little covered place in the stern of the steamer, and we were really very comfortable. Some persons would chew filthy tobacco and spit, which marred our enjoyment; and I don't think *all* the ladies who were on the boat belonged to our, or indeed to any other set. My new pink silk dress was found to be sadly stained when I took it off; and twice or thrice in the course of the evening I rather wished I had been deaf, so as not to have overheard the conversation of some ladies in preposterous hoops and flaming hats, who were surrounded by six or eight young men—not of any set we know. But the Hudson was so beautiful, and the country seats which dot its shores suggest such delightful contemplations of comfortable affluence, that I soon forgot minor inconveniences. Dear Aunt Bessie, I think I shall insist on a seat on the Hudson—with a lawn, and a sweet little flower-garden, and a *billard*, and a bowling-alley. I want plenty of bedrooms, too, for I should always have two or three friends to stay with me. It's such a mistake for married people to shut themselves up together; they're sure to get tired of each other: don't you think so? But here I am rambling away, when I ought to be telling you about the steamer, and the lukewarm, indigestible supper, and the delightful chat I had with Alfred in the bow of the boat just as we were approaching Saint Anthony's Nose (he was a wretched creature that Anthony, if all they say of him be true, wasn't he, Aunt?—But perhaps he only made believe, and was grand and stiff to the lady in public, like the Rev. Jabez Lawn, who is *intensely* sweet in a *tête-à-tête*), and of the very strange speeches he made. He is very amusing, certainly; but, as he says, it is known he is rich, and he never hopes to be loved for himself! Oh the behavior of those Miss Smiths, who have been flirting with him these six months!

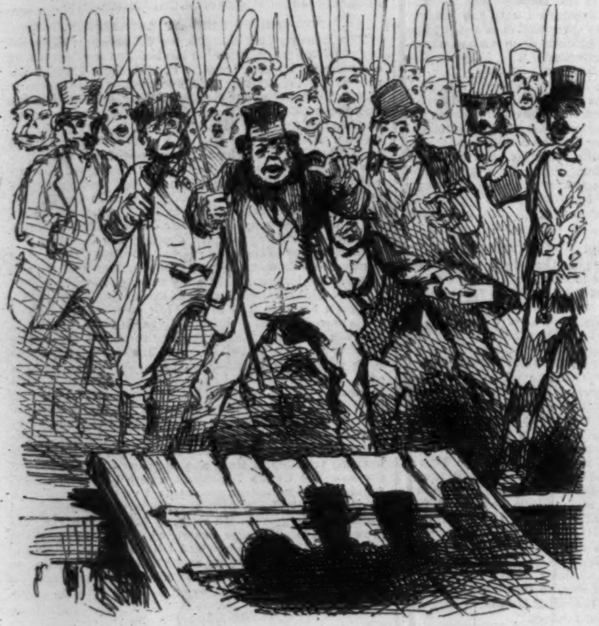
Well, there came a time for bed. Papa and Alfred had done their best to get us a state-room, but had failed. They got one, they said, but a friend of the captain's managed to secure it, and when I went to the door, there was the horrid fellow in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar. So, of course, mamma and I took refuge in the ladies' cabin.

You and I, dear Aunt, are, I hope, reasonable women. You will not, therefore, be angry with me when I say that I don't admire my sex, collectively considered. You have the sweetest temper in the world, and Alfred says my temper is good. Alas! I am afraid there are women who are not blessed in this respect. We had two berths, I am told, duly secured in our own names. When I laid my scarf on one of them, a large bony creature marched up to me and squalled:

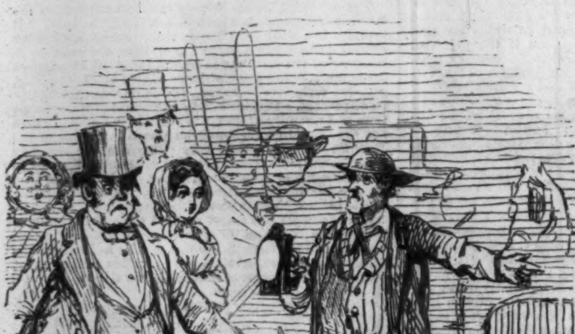
"I guess you're mistaken, Miss; just take that thing off my bed, IF YOU PLEASE."

She looked as though she would have torn my hair out if I had resisted, so I obeyed instantly; and finding a colored person who appeared to be in command, mamma and I appealed to her. She provided us with berths on opposite sides of the saloon.

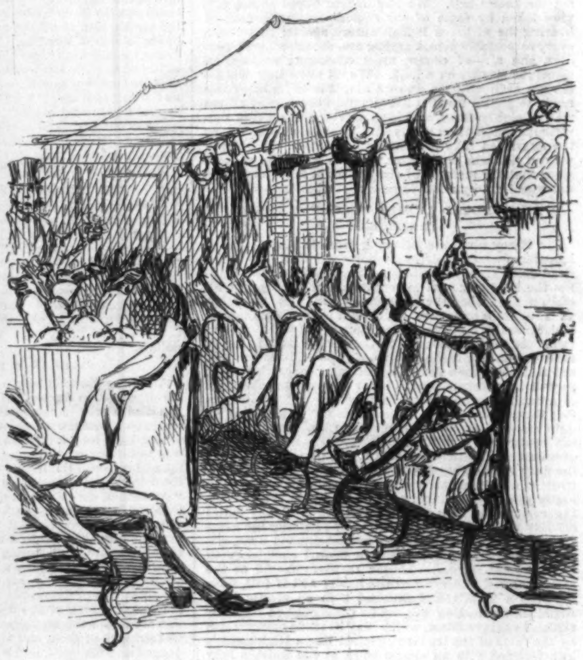
Mine was an under berth; I had above me a lady who was going to some medical institution for a disease of the lungs. She coughed all night, and when she didn't cough she snored. I was very sorry for her, and offered her some candy which I had; but she only said, "Oh bother! hold your tongue!" and I was sorrier than ever, for I knew



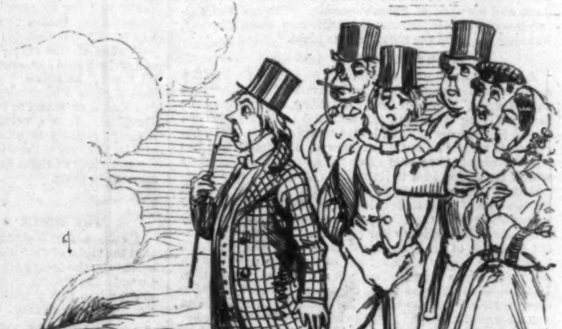
3.—FIRST VIEW OF ALBANY.



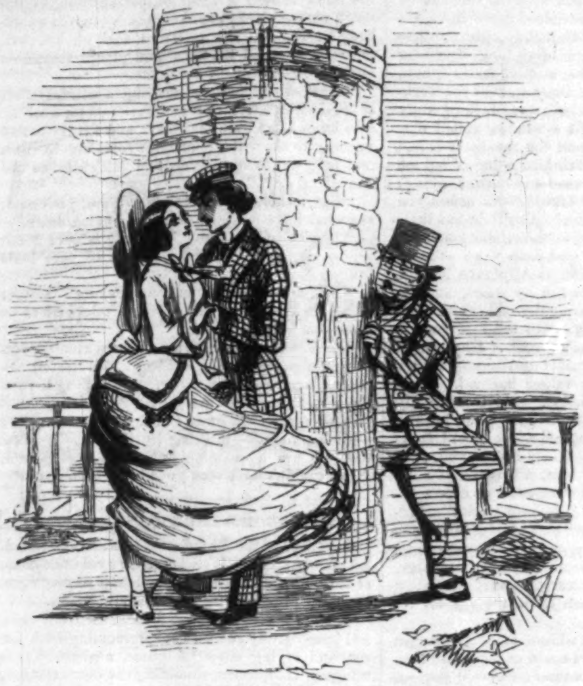
5.—THE WRONG STATION.



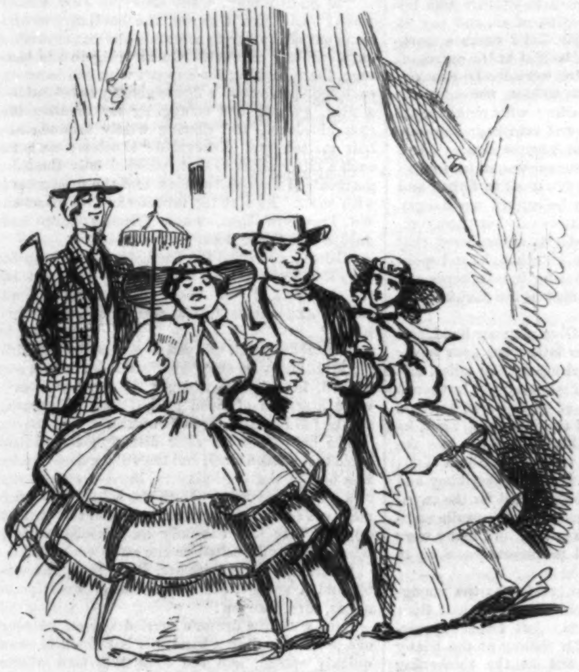
4.—GENERAL VIEW OF A NIGHT-CAR ON THE CENTRAL.



6.—FIRST SIGHT OF THE FALLS.



7.—THE SCENE FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.



9.—BEFORE WE WENT INTO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

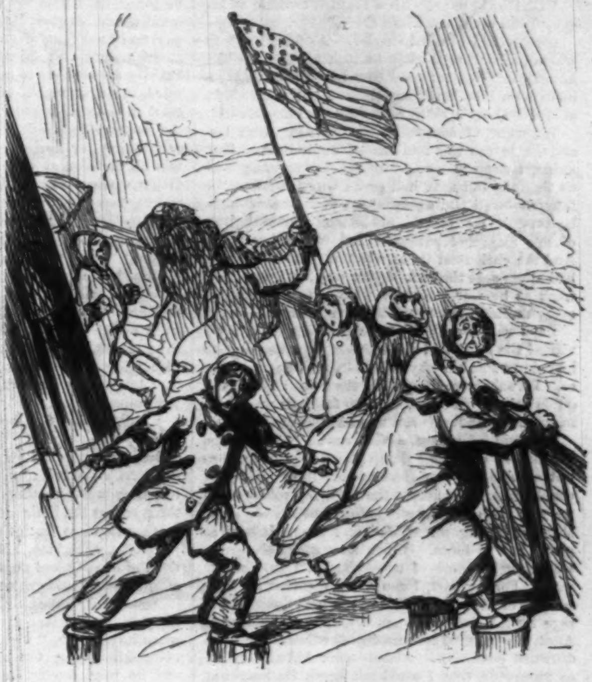
that it was the sickness that made her so cross. Mamma climbed up to an upper berth, and couldn't sleep a wink; for the lady under her was a leader of the Woman's Rights party, who kept repeating over to herself all night a speech she intended to make—the doctrines of which were so horrid and dreadful, mamma says, that they kept her in a fever till daybreak.

At intervals, all night it seemed to me, gymnastic feats—in the way of getting in and out of berths—were executed by "ladies of the Company," and, tired and sleepy as I was, I couldn't help laughing at the droll figure some of them cut.

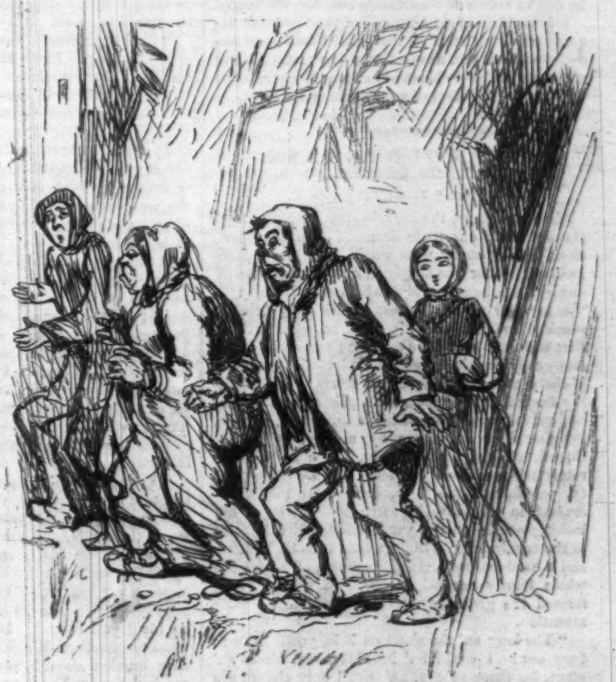
At last we were at Albany—our first view of which consisted of a foreground of Hibernian carriage drivers, each with a whip in his hand, which he seemed prepared to lay on our backs if we didn't engage him; and a background of fog and dingy houses covered with monstrous signs about "feed" and "cheap transportation." The day was spent by mamma and me in sleep; in the evening we took the Central Railway for Niagara. Alfred would have me take a walk through the cars after we had started—in order, as he said, to study physiognomy, and human nature undisguised. I don't know what benefit he may have reaped from our excursion: he talked a good deal about the different expressions of the human countenance, and so forth, afterward. For my part, I saw nothing but rows of boots on the top of seats; and I confess I am not enough of an observer to detect physiognomies in shoe-leather. I was glad enough to get back to my seat, and to snooze quietly in my uncomfortable position.

I was in the middle of a half-waking dream, in which I was reasoning with myself whether I would wear my flounced plaid silk or my blue barege at dinner on our arrival at the Falls, when the conductor shouted something in our neighborhood, and papa roused us all very violently, and bade us get out. It was pitch dark, and of course neither mamma nor I could find our traveling-bags, or our parcels, or our parasols for ten minutes at least, and the conductor and papa seemed (to judge from their language, which was any thing but Scriptural) very angry indeed; but we got every thing at last and were pushed out, and there was a shout, and a whistle, and a rumble, and away the train went; and there we stood, in Egyptian darkness, on a platform, with nobody near us but a few sleepy-looking railway people.

My first thought was to listen for the Falls.



8.—ON BOARD THE "MAID OF THE MIST."



10.—AFTER WE CAME OUT OF THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

heard nothing but the distant sound of the train. Papa went to look after the luggage. In a few moments he came back.

"By Jove!" said he, "it's scandalous. They've carried off our luggage, and left us without even a hat-box."

"Where are we?" said mamma, bridling up in wrath.

"I guess you're to Geneva . . . or Rome" (I forget what the fellow said; he was a sleepy-looking porter, or something of the kind).

"Isn't this the Falls!" I screamed.

"Reckon not, by no means," drawled the sleepy personage.

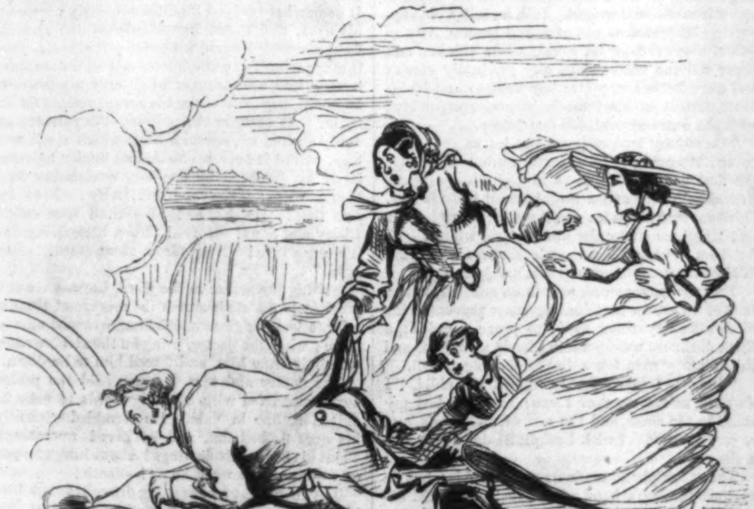
So we had missed our landing-place, but could go on, as a stern official with a lantern informed us, by an early train in the morning; and no doubt we'd find our luggage there, if it hadn't been sent back to York. There was one consolation, papa said. A party bound to the place where we were had also missed their destination, and had gone on to the Falls.

We recovered our good temper when the morning train landed us safely at the Falls. There, sure enough, was the mighty roar, and there, in the distance, was the spray falling in great clouds. Alfred and I determined to walk to the Falls—just to have one look—before we went to the hotel. A number of our fellow-passengers, imbued with the like feeling, accompanied us, and a few moments' walk brought us face to face with Niagara.

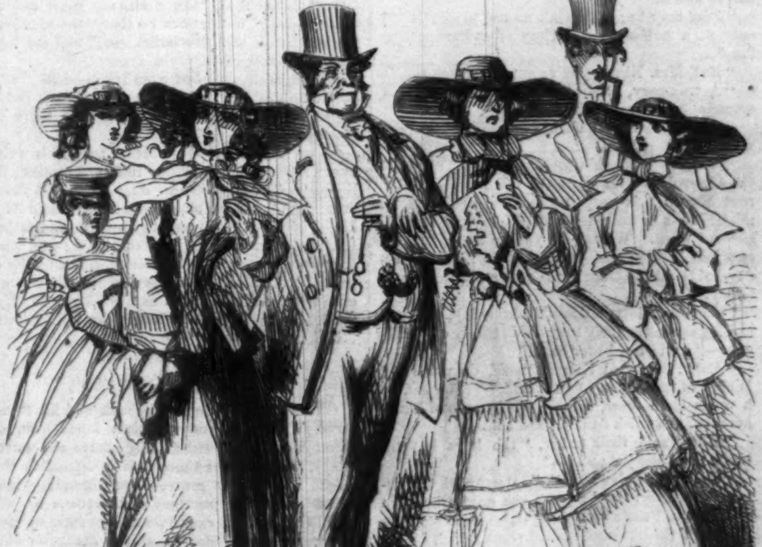
Oh Aunt! what can I say that shall give you the least inkling of that wonderful sight! We were silenced, awed by the scene. Alfred, poor fellow! squeezed my hand—I shouldn't wonder if, in my emotion, I returned the pressure—such scenes are so overpowering and absorbing. As for Alfred's friend Plenderleath, he would do nothing but suck the end of his cane, and ejaculate "By Gad!" at intervals.

We staid five days at the Falls. Oh! dearest Aunt, your poor niece will never know such happy days again—there are so many delightful points of view in which the Falls can be studied, and each time with additional luxury. (Papa, who, after dinner, is very sarcastic after a fashion, one evening stepped out and came upon Alfred and me as we were admiring the scenery: it was blowing so fresh, that Alfred, like a kind, good fellow, held me tight, lest I might be blown over; and papa sneeringly observed to all the company that evening that he had discovered a new point of view from which to enjoy the Falls.

"Where? where?" every body cried.



11.—TABLE-ROCK.



12.—OUR CANADIAN FRIENDS.

"Oh!" said papa, with a roguish twinkle of his eye, "you must ask Clara there."

I suppose I blushed scarlet. As for Alfred, to whom papa glanced when he took his eyes off me, he suddenly remembered that he had an engagement with his Canadian friend, Lieutenant Stick, of Her Majesty's 150th Regiment, and departed.)

We went, of course, on the morning after our arrival, to see the remains of Table-Rock. Our guide, I suppose by way of reassuring papa, told us that the old rock had given way just after "a fat gent—well, Sir, a gent about your size, or maybe not quite so fleshy"—and he took a mental girth of my respected parent—"had walked over it. And the curiousest thing was that that same gent had allers said the rock 'd give way, and for seven week as he wor here he'd walk over and over it every mornin', jist to see if it wor comin'."

Papa was not easily frightened, however; we visited the rock, and papa leaned over the edge to look down into the abyss, and lost his hat in doing so. I would have liked to do the same; but as the guide said: "Since them hoop fashions was come in, women-folk has given up lookin' over the edge."

We paid, of course, a visit to the "Cave of the Winds"—a miserable damp place, only fit to commit suicide in—as Alfred bawled in my ear (you couldn't hear a voice at the ordinary pitch); and we saw the sunlight streaming through the great sheet of falling water, and oh! Aunt, it was so grand and *so* damp. When we entered the cave, we—I mean some of us—looked, I think, pretty well. For my part, I can safely say that my hair was never in better curl, and my new flounced barege looked lovely: when we came out—dearest Aunt, my pen refuses to depict our forlorn, half-drowned condition. Alfred—poor Alfred! looked so miserable, that I could not speak for laughing at him. I waved my hand in token of adieu, and he fled in search of consolation and dry clothing.

Of the *Maid of the Mist*, and of the Canadian acquaintances we made at the Falls, I could not undertake to tell you now. Some day you will hear of them, perhaps. Meanwhile, ever believe in the unchanging devotion of your affectionate niece,

Clara.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

CHAPTER I.—SETTING OUT.

The bell rings, the curtain rises, and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middle-aged, stoutly built man, who would have been good-looking, but for the deeply graven impressions of anxiety and hunger which his face exhibited: he was arrayed in an entire suit of flesh-colored tights, much darned; round his head he wore a fillet, that had once been glowing lace; but all its lustre was gone, long, long ago, and it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow-ochred canvas shoes, terribly frayed and jagged, and a pair of faded crimson velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here and there by a piece of yellow thread, showed that they had once been elaborately trimmed, completed his attire. Two pretty, pale-faced little boys, dressed, or rather *undressed*, in precisely the same manner, stood by, looking on dejectedly, yet listening with interest to the conclusion of a dialogue between their father and a hard-featured, elderly woman, of whom the whole family seemed to stand in awe. These formed the group to which I would direct your attention.

"The long an' the short on it is, you'll have to turn out! I could ha' let this room, times an' often, for three-an'-six, an' here I only charge *you* half-a-crown, an' *that* you won't pay."

"*Won't* pay, Mrs. Niggs?" replied the poor father.

"Well, leastways, you *don't* pay. To be sure, your missis give me her bit of best gownd yesterday, as a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good o' that? It's nowt but a old merina."

"It was her wedding-gown," mildly expostulated the mountebank, heaving a sad sigh as he thought of the happy sunny morning when first "the old merina" adorned its then gay owner—"it was her wedding-gown, and poor Agnes wouldn't like to lose it."

"*That* may be; but 'tain't no use to *me*; it 'ud only fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like her."

"But, Mrs. Niggs, you've got my watch too."

"A trumpery, old-fashioned thing, as big as a warming-pan!" said Mrs. Niggs.

"It was dear grandfather's," sighed the poor man.

"'Tain't worth half-a-*surring*, *I* know," returned the benevolent Niggs; "an' I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Now, don't jaw no more! *talk*'s no use; it won't fill my pocket: it's *money* I want. Why don't you go out with them two lads? You said you could do nowt yesterday an' the day before for the rain; it don't rain to-day."

"Why, certainly, it doesn't rain to-day, ma'am," looking apprehensively toward his thinly clad children—"it's bitter, bitter cold!"

"Cold!" retorted Niggs; "*cold*, do you say? Well, I'm sure, *I* don't find it cold." (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woolen shawl-handkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.)

"But," said their father, "the boys haven't broke their fast yet; and—"

"It's only twelve o'clock," interrupted the humane landlady, "an' many's the good Christyin as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanks an' the like uneddicated scum, which *I* looks on as hathins!"

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head. A sixpenny loaf and a jug of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty hours.

"There," added Niggs, as a single dab was heard at the street-door—"there's the gal with my shoulder and taters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr. Thingamy—if you don't pay up like a man, afore Thursday, out you go!"

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs. Niggs lumped heavily down stairs to scold the "gal," and afterward, to solace herself with a pint of hot ale and a good substantial dinner. The mountebank paced the room, as people *do* when excited, or impatient, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all of these at once. First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, saying mournfully to himself: "There's sure to be a downfall, for the pavement's quite damp, and that's always a sign." Then he went to the almost empty grate, put on the last remaining morsel of coal, fanned it with his breath into a tiny flame, then back again to the window, then setting a low, rickety wooden chair before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster: "Mother'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then—"

"And then, will there be bretfas, daddy?" asked the youngest boy.

"Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there will."

Here the poor fellow took the boy on his knee, drew Alfy toward him also, and tried to beguile the time until mother should come, by hearing them repeat the little songs and hymns which that mother loved to teach them.

"Now, Midgkins, it's your turn," said the father, after Alfy had gone through his little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast.

Accordingly, the child began to recite, and prettily too, that infant favorite, *The Busy Bee;* but when he came to, "with the sweet food," etc., his voice failed him; the tears started into his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with his pale, tiny face hidden in his father's breast. At this moment a weary step was heard slowly ascending the creaking stairs.

"Mother, mother!" shouted Alfy, who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins eyes brightened up; his father set him gently down, and hastened to meet his wife and release her from the burden of a baby some ten months old, which she carried with great difficulty, for the woman was slight and pale, half-starved, and half-clothed. The most cursory glance might serve to inform you that she was indeed the mother so anxiously waited for; she was so like her boys. The same expression of patient endurance was on her long thin face and in her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown. Strangely enough, the fire seemed to burn brighter as soon as mother entered the room! She sat down; Midgkins climbed on her lap; Alfy took possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knees, and began chafing her poor half-frozen hands and feet; while father untied baby's cloak and hood—put on certainly more for appearance' sake than for warmth, four young mountebanks in succession having worn them completely threadbare.

"No use your long walk, I know, Agnes," said father.

"Very little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and told me that I mustn't trouble them again."

On mention of a shilling, Alfy quietly filled the small tin kettle, and set it on the now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat and cap, and then nodded to mother, who, of course, understood him to mean: "I'm ready to go to the shop." She popped the coin into his hand, and away he trotted on his joyful errand. During his short absence, what preparations Midgkins and Lucy made! how they bustled about! how they set out the odd cracked cups and saucers, the two battered leaden tea-spoons, and the old broken-spouted brown tea-pot! Father meantime recounted the particulars of Mrs. Niggs's visit, which grieved his wife, although it did not surprise her. Laden with a loaf, tea, sugar, and two red herrings, Alfy returned, and the whole family—in spite of landladies and turn-outs, and the cold weather—enjoyed a hearty meal; babkins (baby, I mean) tucking in wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopped bread. Poor fellow! the maternal nourishment must needs have been but scanty.

Breakfast over, everybody looks more lively: father thinks that, "after all, the snow mayn't come to-day;" mother fancies that "the weather's milder than it was two hours ago;" and the boys button on their coats.

"Well, well, we must even try our luck," says the mountebank; "we must see if we can't get as far as Eglinthorpe: there's a fair held there tomorrow.

So saying, he strapped a drum round his waist, over a miserable ragged gray coat, and pinned a little square of worn carpeting over Midgkins's shoulders; Agnes tied her own cotton shawl round Alfy, kissed her boys, said good-by to them and father, but still seemed to linger about them; and when they were quite ready for a start, she laid baby on the bed, followed them down stairs, kissed them once more, thrust the remains of the loaf into Alfy's pocket, and whispered to him: "Be kind to little Midgkins!"

CHAPTER II.—THE MOOR.

On they went—the mountebank and his boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes—on, on, through dark, dejected-looking courts and narrow alleys, where father thought it just possible they might raise a few pence—after threading innumerable intricate passages and tortuous by-ways our little party emerged into a large open square—in former times used as a hay-market—which being surrounded by workmen's cottages was a place where, perhaps, an audience might assemble; so father began to beat the drum with all his might, Alfred startled the neighborhood with the clash of cymbals, and little Midgkins shook and spread his tiny square of carpet, by way of giving "note of preparation" to passers-by.

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, they took the cue from him with great alacrity, divested themselves of their coats, and prepared to dazzle and delight all beholders with the splendor of their wardrobe, and the combined grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen. Just as father and boys were walking sadly away, a young woman at a window called out, "Bide a bit; I've summat for the little lads." Presently out she came, bringing a jug of hot tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, saying: "You mun eat this, and take this tea before you go any further, poor things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't act in the wet streets. God help you! There! Stop a bit!" she exclaimed, as Alfy gave her the jug—"stop a bit!" She ran up stairs, and returned with an old scarlet muffler and a green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He received them with many expressions of gratitude—so much kindness was something rather unusual. "I'se sure you're heartily welcome," said the friendly giver; "I wish I could do more for you; but my man's one of the turn-outs, and we've nowt but the c'lection brass to live on. Good-look to you, master, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. Ah! there's no knowing what one's own poor little uns may come to in this hard world." Perchance, comfortable reader, you wonder how these children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, these boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation *all their lives;* and, in such cases, the craving for food is incessant.

"It's useless to go home without money," thought the poor mountebank. "I could no more face Mrs. Niggs than I could face a tiger; so, we'll step on, best foot foremost; and if the weather doesn't turn out *very* bad, we can be at Eglinthorpe by five o'clock. Tom Whitlock's sure to be there with his tumbling-booth; he'll be glad of us, and pay us well, too, for the fair-day. Let's make a start, boys! Come! Cheerily, ho!" At the outset of the journey the youngsters were lively enough, and prattled on, in childish fashion, about "what they'd do when they were older; what pains they'd take with their posturing and vaulting; and how they'd get a situation in some grand circus, where an immense amount of salary would be theirs; and how joyfully they'd give it all to father and mother, who should never be ragged nor hungry any more." The mountebank smiled on them compassionately as he listened: he remembered that long years gone by, *he*, too, had thought and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human hopes and resolves! *his* parents had died in the parish workhouse!

"Cheerily, ho, Alfy! Give me your hand, and I'll help you along." So father led both boys; and when they had walked nearly five miles, and begun to look tired, to their great delight he opened his inexhaustible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tediousness of the journey. First, he related the anecdote of Alfred the Great and the burned cakes; then the story of William Tell; after these came the fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf—all of which, though heard for the twentieth time at least, awakened in the juvenile auditors as warm an interest as ever; and many were the sensible remarks and pertinent questions to which they gave rise.

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a friend, for it told them that half their journey was accomplished; but father appeared uneasy: he looked with dismay at the heavy black clouds overhead, and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but it now began to assume a threatening aspect. The road now lay across a barren moor, where there were no hedgerows or walls to screen the travelers from the weather. But what of that? He'd carry Midgkins; and then he and Alfy could walk faster than they had done previously, and wouldn't feel the cold. Pursuant to this resolution, he took the tired little one, nothing loth, in his arms, although, encumbered as he was by the large drum, it was a troublesome matter to manage this additional weight. Still he toiled on, supporting Midgkins on one arm, and leading Alfy as quickly onward as he could, while thicker and faster fell the snow-flakes, and gradually slower and more feeble became the boy's steps; and Midgkins, nestled in his father's bosom, overpowered with the extreme cold, fell fast asleep.

"Come, my boy, step out and let us get under cover; it's going to be a fearful night! Luckily, the first house we come to in Eglinthorpe is the Travelers' Rest; and a kind-hearted body is Mrs. Dawson, that keeps it: she'll not refuse to let you and Midgkins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I look for Tom Whitlock, and settle matters with him. Walk as fast as you can—there's a good boy!"

This the mountebank said in an anxious, husky tone of voice, for the blinding snow prevented his discerning any thing likely to prove a guide; a thick darkness was spreading itself all round, and the unhappy man felt a dire foreboding of evil.

"Indeed, father," feebly replied the child, "I *do* walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoes in the snow, and I'm *so tired*, and *so cold*, and *so very* drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep."

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still endeavored to urge him forward. At length, after wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature—the fury of the storm ever increasing, and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Alfy, to "sit and rest just a little while." He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, he moaned incessantly, and trembled from head to foot. Alfy was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of his mind caused streams of perspiration to roll down his care-worn countenance. Short time sufficed for deliberation: he arose, took off his coat, wrapped it round his boys, and placed them in a sitting-posture against the drum.

"Now, Alfy," said he, making a painful effort to speak cheerfully, "I must leave you for a while. You know I can walk very fast; and I'll try to find my way to the village, and get some one to come and help me to carry you and Midgkins to the Travelers' Rest."

"But, father, you mustn't go without your coat; see what large flakes of snow are coming down."

"Don't heed *me*, love," replied father; "but try to stay awake, and keep close to your little brother."

"Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers. Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble."

The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank; but he yielded to stern necessity, and with tears of agony tore himself from the spot, and walked away with rapid strides. It was all guess-work as to which way he was going—all hap-hazard—it being by this time so dark that, to use a common but expressive phrase, "you couldn't have seen your hand before you."

CHAPTER III.—THE TRAVELERS' REST.

The door of the Travelers' Rest always stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night the snow came drifting in furiously.

Betty, the servant, went to shut the front door, but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and crying out: "A ghost, a ghost!" took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder at a respectful distance.

"A ghost! why, what does the silly wench mean?" said Mrs. Dawson, the landlady, as she came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. On arriving in the passage, there, leaning for support with one hand on each door-post, stood a figure ghastly to behold!—a man, gasping and struggling for breath; his eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; his hair matted and disheveled; shoeless; and, in such a bitter night as that, wearing only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and those saturated with snow. At last the mountebank had reached the Travelers' Rest, whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door.

"Bless me!" cried the landlady, "here's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's one of the show-folk, I see. Come in, good man; don't stand there—come to the fire; thou seems perished."

The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forward a few steps: uttered, in a hoarse whisper, the word "water," when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell heavily, face downward.

The house was all astir directly; the rubber came to a sudden close, and the village doctor, who was one of the card-players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. With the help of the other members of the whist-party, he raised the patient up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlor, where he was deposited on the sofa.

"Blankets made quite hot, Betty! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of weak port-negus, Mrs. Dawson!"

Such were the doctor's hurried orders. Every one present lending a hand, the hot blankets were quickly spread, and the insensible form of the mountebank enveloped therein; his mouth and eyes were sponged unceasingly for many minutes, but no signs of returning consciousness appeared.

"I'm afraid the poor fellow's gone," said the sympathizing Mrs. Dawson.

"No, no," replied the doctor, "but he's in imminent danger; he has burst a blood-vessel, from over-exertion, apparently. We'll try the effect of the negus;" so saying, he slowly poured a small portion of it down the patient's throat. With much difficulty the latter contrived to swallow it. It somewhat revived him, for presently he opened his eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious faces assembled round his couch; the doctor took this opportunity to administer a second dose; and having laid the stranger in as easy a posture as he could, began to make his arrangements for the night. At three in the morning the patient suddenly started up, seized a chair which stood near him, waved it over his head, and finally balanced it on his forehead by one leg, exclaiming in a hoarse voice: "Bravo, bravo, Alfy! A capital *pose* that! Ha, ha, ha! We shall soon eclipse Risley and Sons! Bravo! Now, little Midgkins, it's *your* turn! Now for a summerset! Here goes!"

Suiting the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and through a large looking-glass which hung over the mantle-piece; when the doctor, being on the alert, wrested the chair from him, and forced him to lie down.

The doctor and Mrs. Dawson held the patient down, and tried with soothing words to calm his agitation, but in vain. He trembled violently, his eyes flashed fire, and he raved unceasingly about his boys—his darlings! about hunger—poverty—snow—the work-house!—death!

The doctor put a composing draught into a tumbler, and applied it to the patient's burning lips, with, "Come, drink, my man, drink! A glass will drown care."

The mountebank shook his head; but on hearing the landlady, in a kindly tone, add her entreaties to those of the doctor, he said, quietly, "Well, well, Agnes, if *you* wish me to take it, I will." And he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous; the poor man laid his head on the pillow, and soon slept tranquilly.

The landlady then quickly prepared a capital breakfast, to which the doctor and his assistants present did ample justice. As the meal drew toward a conclusion the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a sitting posture, surveyed the room and its occupants with unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, my man," said the worthy doctor, "you've had a tolerably long nap. Now take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and ham; it will do you no harm."

The poor man made no answer, for he was completely bewildered; but, mechanically, he took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around, until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was presiding at the breakfast-table, when, with the speed and force of lightning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd upon his memory. "This is the Travelers' Rest, then," said he. "Don't you remember me, Mrs. Dawson? You used to call me Belphegor, because, like him, I was a mountebank, and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family."

"So it is, I declare!" replied Mrs. Dawson; "it's the father of them two lovely boys as were here last fair."

At the mention of his boys the sick man's face became absolutely livid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped forth, "My children—*are they safe?*"

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth flashed upon every one present. The father had been compelled to leave his darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak. "We'll hope so, my good friend."

"*Hope?* Are they not *here?* Speak!—quick! quick! quick! You won't answer me. Oh my boys! Dead!—dead! Wretch, inhuman wretch that I was, to abandon them!"

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman. He hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made—tried to cheer him by expressing a hope, which he certainly did not feel, that the children would be found safe, and promised that every thing possible should be done for them.

"It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!" roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice, as its owner drove up to the inn-door in a light cart.

"There's Tom Whitlock!" exclaimed the mountebank; and, exerting all his strength, he gathered his blanket round him, rushed out of the room, and opened the street-door.

"Whoy, Jem, lad, be that thee?" cried the Yorkshireman. "I be reet glad to see thee, mun! But what's up? Thee looks mortal pale and thin; hast been badly?"

"You're cart—it's empty, isn't it?" was the hurried reply.

"Ay, for sure," said Tom. "I unloaded t' goods down t' fair ground, and now I'm for putting Topsy into t' stable here."

The party, having followed the patient to the door, now rapidly explained matters to Tom, who, with the characteristic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend's disposal, resumed the reins, and would at once have set forth in search of the little ones, but that the doctor insisted on the mountebank's having some refreshment before he started. Eat he could not; so he and Tom were each supplied with a dram to keep out the cold; the exciseman lent his large blue cloak to father; the schoolmaster supplied him with a thick woolen comforter; Joe Ostler produced his Sunday boots and stockings, and a warm sleeved waistcoat; and Mrs. Dawson contributed a pair of trowsers and a hat that had belonged to her late husband. The doctor having declared that unless his patient consented to put these things on he should be detained by main force, the mountebank reluctantly consented to allow Joe to equip him in them, although his impatience during the operation amounted to agony. In a few minutes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe assisted him into the cart; the doctor, furnished with wine and other restoratives, took his seat; and the ostler threw in a bundle of horse-cloths and a spade.

"Now Topsy, old lass, as quick as thee canst!" shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered speed impossible. All the inmates of the Travelers' Rest, except its mistress, followed; not a word was spoken; suspense is generally silent. The travelers had proceeded nearly four miles without finding any traces of those whom they sought, when suddenly the mountebank, who had hitherto been perfectly motionless—if we except a quick, nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth—hastily clutched the doctor's arm, whispering, "See! see!—there!" The doctor looked in the direction indicated by his patient, but shook his head. The dim gray of the morning presented nothing to his gaze but one unbroken surface of snow; his vision was not sharpened by parental love and fear. The father now attracted Tom's attention to the same spot, and bade him drive that way. "See! see!" said he; "*their grave!*"

"A snaw-drift, loikely," replied Tom. "Keep up thy heart, mun; we'll soon see what it is. Get along, Topsy! Gee! gee! lass!"

As they neared the place every one perceived, indeed, a mound of snow presenting exactly the appearance of a grave; and, to complete the resemblance, there stood a head-stone.

"On! on!" said the father. "Oh, Tom, drive on! How slowly we get along!"

At last they stopped; the mountebank pushed aside the hands extended to assist him, leaped wildly out of the cart, and stood for a moment silently contemplating their grave. Joe took the spade, and began removing the tall, white heap that looked so like a head-stone. In a little while, having shoveled away a quantity of snow, the top of a large drum became visible. At sight of this the mountebank's face was alternately flushed and pale, pale and flushed. Keen anxiety marked the countenances of the whole party; and all eyes were so intently fixed on Joe's operations that none had observed a recent addition to their number. It was a woman—young, fair, and of an interesting appearance. Presentiment, destiny's grim shadow, had whispered to her the sad tale of her children's luckless fate; and leaving the two younger ones to the care of a neighbor, she had set out for Eglinthorpe, resolved to know the worst. Softly she went up to the mountebank, gazed mournfully upon his altered countenance—for illness and anxiety had done their work—and pressing his hand affectionately, she said, "Husband!" The effect of that one word was truly magical. The unhappy man, whose eyes were burning with fever, and whose pent-up grief was driving him to the very verge of insanity, was now relieved by a copious flood of tears. "Gently, gently!" cried he, as Joe began to dig away the snowy mound which, it was now certain, covered his children; "gently! don't disfigure my pretty darlings."

Joe threw the spade down, tenderly drew away with his hands the remainder of the snow, and revealed to the expectant parents the lifeless forms of their dear offspring. There they lay, as in a tranquil sleep. Alfy's right arm encircled his little brother's neck; his left hand grasped firmly the collar of the old coat in which they were enveloped, and it was evident that, to the last, the loving boy had striven to pull the garment tightly round Midgkins to shield him from the cold.

"Dead! dead!" cried poor father, with a groan of anguish. "I knew it!"

Mother fell on her knees beside her little ones, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. The doctor lost not a moment in parleying, but, stooping down, began chafing Alfy's frozen limbs. "Joe!" said he, abruptly, "the wine! look sharp! There's hope yet!"

What sweet music was in that simple sentence!—music that stayed the torrent of mother's tears, and caused father's countenance to beam with hope. Half a dozen pair of willing hands were soon employed in using every means suggested by the doctor for the resuscitation of the young sufferers. Happily, their earnest endeavors were crowned with success; for, anon, Alfy half-opened his eyes, and on seeing his father bending anxiously over him, he said, somewhat indistinctly, as one speaks in a dream, "Father, dear father, have you come to fetch us?"

"Yes, my love, yes," replied father.

"But where's Midgkins?" murmured Alfy. "I thought I had my arms round him—"

"Your brother's quite safe," interrupted the doctor; "but no more talking now; wait till you're stronger."

"Look! he's breathing freely, and moves his hands!" said mother, referring to Midgkins, to whom she and Yorkshire Tom had been directing their attention. The doctor now gave orders that the boys should be wrapped up in the horse-cloths, and desiring their parents to get into the vehicle, he placed the little ones in their arms, and whispered to Tom to drive on as fast as he could, for that much remained to be done before he could pronounce the young invalids out of danger. Moreover, he dreaded the effects of the keen morning air on the frame of the mountebank, shaken as it had been by the excitement of recent events. Arrived at the Travelers' Rest, every means that kindness and experience prompted was put into requisition for the behoof of the distressed family—warm baths, good beds; in short, all that her house afforded, Mrs. Dawson freely placed at the doctor's disposal for their advantage; and was rewarded by his declaring, on the following day, that all that his patients now required was plenty of "kitchen physic," seconded by good nursing.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." So said Shakspeare. With the subjects of our tale this "tide" had now set in, and that which all their professional talent had failed to achieve accident gained for them—notoriety—the very life of public professors, in whatsoever department they may be. The newspapers that week published accounts of the "hair-breadth 'scape" of the children; men who make a scanty livelihood by bawling through the streets recitals of the various casualties that are daily befalling their fellow-creatures were heard in every town retailing the substance of the foregoing narrative, with sundry additions, alterations, and moral observations. The mountebank, as Byron phrases it, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." He received engagements from several London minor theatres to perform in a new drama, founded on fact, and entitled "The Snow-storm," and was so successful that the family has since traveled, professionally, even as far as Constantinople. Last year, having completed the term of their engagement with *Monsieur le Directeur*, they returned to their native country, greatly improved in appearance, manners, and knowledge. All the family speak French and German fluently; and the boys are considered by the best judges to be first-rate acrobats, horse-riders, and rope-dancers; consequently, their services are greatly sought after. They can now command excellent salaries, and, in short, are looked upon in their profession as holding rank A 1.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

Credulous crystal-seers, young lovers, and grave wise men—all in the same category.

George Morley set out the next day for Norwich, in which antique city, ever since the Dane peopled it, some wizard or witch, star-reader, or crystal-seer has enjoyed a mysterious renown, perpetuating thus through all change in our land's social progress the long line of Vala and Saga, who came with the Raven and Valkyr from the Scandinavian pine shores. Merle's reserve vanished on the perusal of Sophy's letter to him. He informed George that Waife declared he had plenty of money, and had even forced a loan upon Merle; but that he liked an active, wandering life; it kept him from thinking, and that a peddler's pack would give him a license for vagrancy, and a budget to defray its expenses; that Merle had been consulted by him in the choice of light popular wares, and as to the route he might find the most free from competing rivals. Merle willingly agreed to accompany George in quest of the wanderer, whom, by the help of his crystal, he seemed calmly sure he could track and discover. Accordingly, they both set out in the somewhat devious and desultory road which Merle, who had some old acquaintances among the ancient profession of hawkers, had advised Waife to take. But Merle, unhappily confiding more in his crystal than Waife's steady adherence to the chart prescribed, led the Oxford scholar the life of a will-of-the-wisp; zigzag, and shooting to and fro, here and there, till, just when George had lost all patience, Merle chanced to see, not in the crystal, a *pelerine* on the neck of a farmer's daughter, which he was morally certain he had himself selected for Waife's pannier. And the girl stating, in reply to his inquiry, that her father had bought that *pelerine* as a present for her, not many days before, of a peddler in a neighboring town, to the market of which the farmer resorted weekly, Merle cast a horary scheme, and finding the Third House (of short journeys) in favorable aspect to the Seventh House (containing the object desired), and in conjunction with the Eleventh House (friends), he gravely informed the scholar that their toils were at an end, and that the Hour and the Man were at hand. Not oversanguine, George consigned himself and the seer to an early train, and reached the famous town of Ouzelford, whither, when the chronological order of our narrative (which we have so far somewhat forestalled) will permit, we shall conduct the inquisitive reader.

Meanwhile Lionel, subscribing without a murmur to Lady Montfort's injunction to see Sophy no more till Darrell had been conferred with and his consent won, returned to his lodgings in London, sanguine of success and flushed with joy. His intention was to set out at once to Fawley; but on reaching town he found there a few lines from Darrell himself, in reply to a long and affectionate letter which Lionel had written a few days before, asking permission to visit the old manor-house; for amidst all his absorbing love for Sophy, the image of his lonely benefactor in that gloomy hermitage often rose before him. In these lines Darrell, not unkindly, but very peremptorily, declined Lionel's overtures. "In truth, my dear young kinsman," wrote the recluse—"in truth I am, with slowness, and with frequent relapses, laboring through convalescence from a moral fever. My nerves are yet unstrung. I am as one to whom is prescribed the most complete repose; the visits, even of friends the dearest, forbidden as a perilous excitement. The sight of you—of any one from the great world—but especially of one whose rich vitality of youth and hope affronts and mocks my own fatigued exhaustion, would but irritate, unsettle, torture me. When I am quite well I will ask you to come. I shall enjoy your visit. Till then, on no account, and on no pretext, let my morbid ear catch the sound of your footfall on my quiet floor. Write to me often, but tell me nothing of the news and gossip of the world. Tell me only of yourself, your studies, your thoughts, your sentiments, your wishes. Nor forget my injunctions. Marry young, marry for love; let no ambition of power, no greed of gold, ever mislead you into giving to your life a companion who is not the half of your soul. Choose with the heart of a man; I know that you will choose with the self-esteem of a gentleman; and be assured beforehand of the sympathy and sanction of your

"Churlish but Loving Kinsman."

After this letter, Lionel felt that, at all events, he could not at once proceed to the old manor-house in defiance of its owner's prohibition. He wrote briefly, entreating Darrell to forgive him if he persisted in the prayer to be received at Fawley, stating that his desire for a personal interview was now suddenly become special and urgent; that it not only concerned himself, but affected his benefactor. By return of post Darrell replied with curt frigidity, repeating, with even sternness, his refusal to receive Lionel, but professing himself ready to attend to all that his kinsman might address to him by letter. "If it be as you state," wrote Darrell, with his habitual irony, "a matter that relates to myself, I claim, as a lawyer for my own affairs—the precaution I once enjoined to my clients—a written brief should always precede a personal consultation."

In fact, the proud man suspected that Lionel had been directly or indirectly addressed on behalf of Jasper Losely; and certainly that was the last subject on which he would have granted an interview to his young kinsman. Lionel, however, was not perhaps sorry to be thus compelled to trust to writing his own and Sophy's cause. Darrell was one of those men whose presence inspires a certain awe—one of those men whom we feel, upon great occasions, less embarrassed to address by letter than in person. Lionel's pen moved rapidly—his whole heart and soul suffused with feeling, and, rushing over the page, he reminded Darrell of the day when he had told to the rich man the tale of the lovely wandering child, and how, out of his sympathy for that child, Darrell's approving, fostering tenderness to himself had grown. Thus indirectly to her forlorn condition had he owed the rise in his own fortunes. He went through the story of William Losely as he had gathered it from Alban Morley, and touched pathetically on his own father's share in that dark history. If William Losely really was hurried into crime by the tempting necessity for a comparatively trifling sum, but for Charles Haughton, would the necessity have arisen? Eloquently then the lover united grandfather and grandchild in one touching picture—their love for each other, their dependence on each other. He enlarged on Sophy's charming, unselfish, simple, noble character; he told how he had again found her; he dwelt on the refining accomplishments she owed to Lady Montfort's care. How came she with Lady Montfort? Why had Lady Montfort cherished, adopted her? Because Lady Montfort told him how much her own childhood had owed to Darrell; because, should Sophy be, as alleged, the offspring of his daughter, the heiress of his line, Caroline Montfort rejoiced to guard her from danger, save her from poverty, and ultimately thus to fit her to be not only acknowledged with delight, but with pride. Why had he been enjoined not to divulge to Darrell that he had again found, and under Lady Montfort's roof, the child whom, while yet unconscious of her claims, Darrell himself had vainly sought to find, and benevolently designed to succor? Because Lady Montfort wished to fulfill her task—complete Sophy's education, interrupted by grief for her missing grandfather, and obtain indeed, when William Losely again returned, some proofs (if such existed) to corroborate the assertion of Sophy's parentage. "And," added Lionel, "Lady Montfort seems to fear that she has given you some cause of displeasure—what I know not, but which might have induced you to disapprove of the acquaintance I had begun with her. Be that as it may, would you could hear the reverence with which she ever alludes to your worth—the gratitude with which she attests her mother's and her own early obligations to your intellect and heart!" Finally, Lionel wove all his threads of recital into the confession of the deep love into which his romantic memories of Sophy's wandering childhood had been ripened by the sight of her graceful, cultured youth. "Grant," he said, "that her father's tale be false—and no doubt you have sufficient reasons to discredit it—still, if you can not love her as your daughter's child, receive, know her, I implore—let her love and revere you—as my wife! Leave me to protect her from a lawless father—leave me to redeem, by some deeds of loyalty and honor, any stain that her grandsire's sentence may seem to fix upon our union. Oh! if ambitious before, how ambitious I should be now—to efface, for her sake as for mine, her grandsire's shame, my father's errors! But if, on the other hand, she should, on the requisite inquiries, be proved to descend from your ancestry—your father's blood in her pure veins—I know, alas! then that I should have no right to aspire to such nuptials. Who would even think of her descent from a William Losely? Who would not be too proud to remember only her descent from you? All spots would vanish in the splendor of your renown; the highest in the land would court her alliance. And I am but the pensioner of your bounty, and only on my father's side of gentle origin. But still I think you would not reject me—you would place the future to my credit; and I would wait, wait patiently, till I had won such a soldier's name as would entitle me to mate with a daughter of the Darrells."

Sheet upon sheet the young eloquence flowed on—seeking, with an art of which the writer was unconscious, all the arguments and points of view which might be the most captivating to the superb pride or to the exquisite tenderness which seemed to Lionel the ruling elements of Darrell's character.

He had not to wait long for a reply. At the first glance of the address on its cover his mind misgave him; the hopes that had hitherto elated his spirit yielded to abrupt forebodings. Darrell's handwriting was habitually in harmony with the intonations of his voice—singularly clear, formed with a peculiar and original elegance, yet with the undulating ease of a natural, candid, impulsive character. And that decorous care in such mere trifles as the very sealing of a letter, which, neglected by musing poets and abstracted authors, is observable in men of high public station, was in Guy Darrell significant of the Patrician dignity that imparted a certain stateliness to his most ordinary actions.

But in the letter which lay in Lionel's hand the writer was scarcely recognizable—the direction blurred, the characters dashed off from a pen fierce yet tremulous; the seal a great blotch of wax; the device of the heron, with its soaring motto, indistinct and mangled, as if the stamping instrument had been plucked wrathfully away before the wax had cooled. And when Lionel opened the letter, the handwriting within was yet more indicative of mental disorder. The very ink looked menacing and angry—blacker as the pen had been forcibly driven into the page.

"Unhappy boy!" began the ominous epistle, "is it through you that the false and detested woman who has withered up the noonday of my life seeks to dishonor its blighted close? Talk not to me of Lady Montfort's gratitude and reverence! Talk not to me of her amiable, tender, holy aim, to obtrude upon my childless house the grand-daughter of a convicted felon! Show her these lines, and ask her by what knowledge of my nature she can assume that ignominy to my name would be a blessing to my hearth? Ask her, indeed, how she can dare to force herself still upon my thoughts—dare to imagine she can lay me under obligations—dare to think she can be a something still in my forlorn existence! Lionel Haughton, I command you, in the name of all the dead whom we can claim as ancestors in common, to tear from your heart, as you would tear a thought of disgrace, this image which has bewitched your reason. My daughter, thank Heaven, left no pledge of an execrable union. But a girl who has been brought up by a thief—a girl whom a wretch so lost to honor as Jasper Losely sought to make an instrument of fraud to my harassment and disgrace, be her virtues and beauty what they may, I could not, without intolerable anguish, contemplate as the wife of Lionel Haughton. But *receive* her as your wife! Admit her within these walls! Never, never; I scorn to threaten you with loss of favor, loss of fortune. Marry her if you will. You shall have an ample income secured to you. But from that moment our lives are separated—our relation ceases. You will never again see nor address me. But oh, Lionel! can you—can you inflict upon me this crowning sorrow? Can you, for the sake of a girl of whom you have seen but little, or in the Quixotism of atonement for your father's fault, complete the ingratitude I have experienced from those who owed me most? I can not think it. I rejoice that you wrote—did not urge this suit in person. I should not have been able to control my passion; we might have parted foes. As it is, I restrain myself with difficulty! That woman, that child, associated thus to tear from me the last affection left to my ruined heart! No! You will not be so cruel! Send this, I command you, to Lady Montfort. See again neither her nor the impostor she has been cherishing for my disgrace. This letter will be your excuse to break off with both—with both!

"Guy Darrell."

Lionel was stunned. Not for several hours could he recover self-possession enough to analyze his own emotions, or discern the sole course that lay before him. After such a letter from such a benefactor, no option was left to him. Sophy must be resigned; but the sacrifice crushed him to the earth—crushed the very manhood out of him. He threw himself on the floor, sobbing—sobbing, as if body and soul were torn, each from each, in convulsive spasms.

But send this letter to Lady Montfort! A letter so wholly at variance with Darrell's dignity of character—a letter in which rage seemed lashed to unreasoning frenzy! Such bitter language of hate and scorn, and even insult, to a woman, and to the very woman who had seemed to Lionel so reverently to cherish the writer's name—so tenderly to scheme for the writer's happiness! Could he obey a command that seemed to lower Darrell even more than it could humble her to whom it was to be sent?

Yet disobey! What but the letter itself could explain! Ah—and was there not some strange misunderstanding with respect to Lady Montfort, which the letter itself, and nothing but the letter, would enable her to dispel; and if dispelled, might not Darrell's whole mind undergo a change? A flash of joy suddenly broke on his agitated, tempestuous thoughts. He forced himself again to read those blotted, impetuous lines. Evidently—evidently, while writing to Lionel—the subject Sophy—the man's wrathful heart had been addressing itself to neither. A suspicion seized him; with that suspicion, hope. He would send the letter, and with but few words from himself—words that revealed his immense despair at the thought of relinquishing Sophy—intimated his belief that Darrell here was, from some error of judgment which Lionel could not comprehend, avenging himself on Lady Montfort; and closed with his prayer to her, if so, to forgive lines colored by hasty passion, and, for the sake of all, not to disdain that self-vindication which might perhaps yet soften a nature possessed of such depths of sweetness as that which appeared now so cruel and so bitter! He would not yet despond—not yet commission her to give his last farewell to Sophy.

CHAPTER VII.

The Man-eater continues to take his quiet steak out of Dolly Poole, and is in turn subjected to the anatomical knife of the dissecting Author. Two traps are laid for him—one by his fellow Man-eaters—one by that deadly persecutrix, the Woman who tries to save him in spite of all he can do to be hanged.

Meanwhile the unhappy Adolphus Poole had been the reluctant but unfailing source from which Jasper Losely had weekly drawn the supplies to his worthless and workless existence. Never was a man more constrainedly benevolent, and less recompensed for pecuniary sacrifice by applauding conscience, than the doomed inhabitant of Alhambra Villa. In the utter failure of his attempts to discover Sophy, or to induce Jasper to accept Colonel Morley's proposals, he saw this parasital monster fixed upon his entrails, like the vulture on those of the classic sufferer in mythological tales. Jasper, indeed, had accommodated himself to this regular and unlaborious mode of gaining "*sa pauvre vie.*" To call once a week upon his old acquaintance, frighten him with a few threats, or force a death-like smile from agonizing lips by a few villainous jokes, carry off his four sovereigns, and enjoy himself thereon till pay-day duly returned, was a condition of things that Jasper did not greatly care to improve; and truly had he said to Poole that his earlier energy had left him. As a sensualist of Jasper's stamp grows older and falls lower, indolence gradually usurps the place once occupied by vanity or ambition. Jasper was bitterly aware that his old comeliness was gone; that never more could he ensnare a maiden's heart or a widow's gold. And when this truth was fully brought home to him, it made a strange revolution in all his habits. He cared no longer for dress and gewgaws—sought rather to hide himself than to parade. In the neglect of the person he had once so idolized—in the coarse roughness which now characterized his exterior—there was that sullen despair which the vain only know when what had made them dainty and jocund is gone forever. The human mind, in deteriorating, fits itself to the sphere into which it declines. Jasper would not now, if he could, have driven a cabriolet down St. James's Street., He had taken more and more to the vice of drinking as the excitement of gambling was withdrawn from him. For how gamble with those who had nothing to lose, and to whom he himself would have been pigeon, not hawk? And as he found that, on what he thus drew regularly from Dolly Poole, he could command all the comforts that his imbruted tastes now desired, so an odd kind of prudence, for the first time in his life, came with what he chose to consider "a settled income." He mixed with ruffians in their nightly orgies; treated them to cheap potations; swaggered, bullied, boasted, but shared in no project of theirs which might bring into jeopardy the life which Dolly Poole rendered so comfortable and secure. His energies, once so restless, were lulled, partly by habitual intoxication, partly by the physical pains which had nestled themselves into his robust fibres, efforts of an immense and still tenacious vitality to throw off diseases repugnant to its native magnificence of health. The finest constitutions are those which, when once seriously impaired, occasion the direst pain; but they also enable the sufferer to bear pain that would soon wear away the delicate. And Jasper bore his pains stoutly, though at times they so exasperated his temper, that woe then to any of his comrades whose want of caution or respect gave him the occasion to seek relief in wrath! His hand was as heavy, his arm as stalwart as ever. George Morley had been rightly informed. Even by burglars and cutthroats, whose dangers he shunned, while fearlessly he joined their circle, Jasper Losely was regarded with terror. To be the awe of reckless men, as he had been the admiration of foolish women, this was delight to his vanity—the last delight that was left to it. But he thus provoked a danger to which his arrogance was blind. His boon companions began to grow tired of him. He had been welcomed to their resort on the strength of the catch-word or passport which confederates at Paris had communicated to him, and of the reputation for great daring and small scruple which he took from Cutts, who was of high caste among their mysterious tribes, and who every now and then flitted over the Continent, safe and accursed as the Wandering Jew. But when they found that this Achilles of the Greeks would only talk big, and employ his wits on his private exchequer and his thews against themselves, they began not only to tire of his imperious manner, but to doubt his fidelity to the cause. And all of a sudden, Cutts, who had at first extolled Jasper as one likely to be a valuable acquisition to the Family of Night, altered his tone, and insinuated that the bravo was not to be trusted; that his reckless temper and incautious talk when drunk would unfit him for a safe accomplice in any skillful project of plunder; and that he was so unscrupulous, and had so little sympathy with their class, that he might be quite capable of playing spy or turning king's evidence; that, in short, it would be well to rid themselves of his domineering presence. Still there was that physical power in this lazy Hercules—still, if the Do-naught, he was so fiercely the Dread-naught—that they did not dare, despite the advantage of numbers, openly to brave and defy him. No one would bell the cat—and *such* a cat! They began to lay plots to get rid of him through the law. Nothing could be easier to such knowing adepts in guilt than to transfer to his charge any deed of violence one of their own gang had committed—heap damning circumstances round him—privily apprise justice—falsely swear away his life. In short, the man was in their way, as a wasp that has blundered into an ant's nest; and, while frightened at the size of the intruder, these honest ants were resolved to get him out of their citadel alive or dead. Probable it was that Jasper Losely would meet with his deserts at last for an offense of which he was innocent as a babe unborn.

It is at this juncture that we are readmitted to the presence of Arabella Crane.

She was standing by a window on the upper floor of a house situated in a narrow street. The blind was let down, but she had drawn it a little aside, and was looking out. By the fireside was seated a thin, vague, gnome-like figure, perched comfortless on the edge of a rush-bottomed chair, with its shadowy knees drawn up till they nearly touched its shadowy chin. There was something about the outline of this figure so indefinite and unsubstantial, that you might have taken it for an optical illusion, a spectral apparition on the point of vanishing. This thing was, however, possessed of voice, and was speaking in a low but distinct hissing whisper. As the whisper ended, Arabella Crane, without turning her face, spoke, also under her breath.

"You are sure that, so long as Losely draws this weekly stipend from the man whom he has in his power he will persist in the same course of life. Can you not warn him of the danger?"

"Peach against pals! I dare not. No trusting him. He would come down, mad with brandy, make an infernal row, seize two or three by the throat, dash their heads against each other, blab, bully, and a knife would be out, and a weasand or two cut, and a carcass or so dropped into the Thames, mine certainly—his perhaps."

"You say you can keep back this plot against him for two or three days?"

"For two days—yes. I should be glad to save General Jas. He has the bones of a fine fellow, and if he had not destroyed himself by brandy, he might have been at the top of the tree—in the profession. But he is fit for nothing now."

"Ah! and you say the brandy is killing him?"

"No, he will not be killed by brandy, if he continues to drink it among the same jolly set."

"And if he were left without the money to spend among these terrible companions, he would no longer resort to their meetings? You are right there. The same vanity that makes him pleased to be the great man in that society would make him shrink from coming among them as a beggar."

"And if he had not the wherewithal to pay the weekly subscription, there would be an excuse to shut the door in his face. All these fellows wish to do is to get rid of him; and if by fair means, there would be no necessity to resort to foul. The only danger would be that from which you have so often saved him. In despair would he not commit some violent, rash action—a street-robbery, or something of the kind? He has courage for any violence, but no longer the cool head to plan a scheme which would not be detected. You see I can prevent my pals joining in such risks as he may propose, or letting him (if he were to ask it) into any adventure of their own, for they know that I am a safe adviser; they respect me; the law has never been able to lay hold of *me;* and when I say to them, 'That fellow drinks, blabs, and boasts, and would bring us all into trouble,' they will have nothing to do with him; but I can not prevent his doing what he pleases out of his own muddled head, and with his own reckless hand."

"But you will keep in his confidence, and let me know all that he proposes?"

"Yes."

"And meanwhile he must come to me. And this time I have more hope than ever, since his health gives way, and he is weary of crime itself. Mr. Cutts, come near—softly. Look—nay, nay, he can not see you from below, and you are screened by the blind. Look, I say, where he sits."

She pointed to a room on the ground-floor in the opposite house, where might be dimly seen a dull, red fire in a sordid grate, and a man's form, the head pillowed upon arms that rested on a small table. On the table a glass, a bottle.

"It is thus that his mornings pass," said Arabella Crane, with a wild, bitter pity in the tone of her voice. "Look, I say, is he formidable now? *can* you fear him?"

"Very much indeed," muttered Cutts. "He is only stupefied, and he can shake off a doze as quickly as a bull-dog does when a rat is let into his kennel."

"Mr. Cutts, you tell me that he constantly carries about him the same old pocket-book which he says contains his fortune; in other words, the papers that frighten his victim into giving him the money which is now the cause of his danger. There is surely no pocket you can not pick or get picked, Mr. Cutts? Fifty pounds for that book in three hours."

"Fifty pounds are not enough; the man he sponges on would give more to have those papers in his power."

"Possibly; but Losely has not been dolt enough to trust you sufficiently to enable you to know how to commence negotiations. Even if the man's name and address be among those papers, you could not make use of the knowledge without bringing Jasper himself upon you; and even if Jasper were out of the way, you would not have the same hold over his victim: you know not the circumstances; you could make no story out of some incoherent rambling letters; and the man, who, I can tell you, is by nature a bully, and strong, compared with any other man but Jasper, would seize you by the collar; and you would be lucky if you got out of his house with no other loss than the letters, and no other gain but a broken bone. Pooh! you know all that, or you would have stolen the book, and made use of it before. Fifty pounds for that book in three hours; and if Jasper Losely be safe and alive six months hence, fifty pounds more, Mr. Cutts. See! he stirs not—he must be fast asleep. Now is the moment."

"What, in his own room!" said Cutts, with contempt. "Why, he would know who did it; and where should I be to-morrow? No—in the streets; any one has a right to pick a pocket in the Queen's highways. In three hours you shall have the book."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mercury is the Patron Deity of Mercantile Speculators, as well as of crack-brained Poets; indeed, he is much more favorable, more a friend at a pinch, to the former class of his protégés than he is to the latter.

> "Poolum per hostes Mercurius celer
> Denso paventem sustulit aere."

Poole was sitting with his wife after dinner. He had made a good speculation that day; little Johnny would be all the better for it a few years hence, and some other man's little Johnnys all the worse—but each for himself in this world! Poole was therefore basking in the light of his gentle helpmate's approving smile. He had taken an extra glass of a venerable port-wine, which had passed to his cellar from the bins of Uncle Sam. Commercial prosperity without, conjugal felicity within, the walls of Alhambra Villa; surely Adolphus Poole is an enviable man! Does he look so? The ghost of what he was but a few months ago! His cheeks have fallen in; his clothes hang on him like bags; there is a worried, haggard look in his eyes, a nervous twitch in his lips, and every now and then he looks at the handsome Parisian clock on the chimney-piece, and then shifts his posture, snubs his connubial angel, who asks "what ails him?" refills his glass, and stares on the fire, seeing strange shapes in the mobile aspects of the coals.

To-morrow brings back this weekly spectre! To-morrow Jasper Losely, punctual to the stroke of eleven, returns to remind him of that past which, if revealed, will blast the future. And revealed it might be any hour, despite the bribe for silence which he must pay with his own hands, under his own roof. Would he trust another with the secret of that payment?—horror! Would he visit Losely at his own lodging, and pay him there?—murder! Would he appoint him somewhere in the streets—run the chance of being seen with such a friend? Respectability confabulating with offal!—disgrace! And Jasper had on the last two or three visits been peculiarly disagreeable. He had talked loud. Poole feared that his wife might have her ear at the keyhole. Jasper had seen the parlor-maid in the passage as he went out and caught her round the waist. The parlor-maid had complained to Mrs. Poole, and said she should leave if so insulted by such an ugly blackguard. Fancy! what the poor lady-killer has come to! Mrs. Poole had grown more and more inquisitive and troublesome on the subject of such extraordinary visits; and now, as her husband stirred the fire—having roused her secret ire by his previous unmanly snubbings, and Mrs. Poole being one of those incomparable wives who have a perfect command of temper, who never reply to angry words at the moment, and who always, with exquisite calm and self-possession, pay off every angry word by an amiable sting at a right moment—Mrs. Poole, I say, thus softly said:

"Sammy, duck, we know what makes oo so cross; but it sha'n't vex oo long, Sammy. That dreadful man comes to-morrow. He always comes the same day of the week."

"Hold your tongue, Mrs. Poole."

"Yes, Sammy dear, I'll hold my tongue. But Sammy sha'n't be imposed upon by mendicants; for I know he is a mendicant—one of those sharpers or black-legs who took oo in, poor innocent Sam, in oo wild bachelor days, and oo good heart can't bear to see him in distress; but there must be an end to all things."

"Mrs. Poole—Mrs. Poole—will you stop your fool's jaw or not?"

"My poor dear hubby," said the angel, squeezing out a mild tear, "oo will be in good hands to advise oo; for I've been and told Pa!"

"You have," faltered Poole, "told your father—you have!" and the expression of his face became so ghastly that Mrs. Poole grew seriously terrified. She had long felt that there was something very suspicious in her husband's submission to the insolence of so rude a visitor. But she knew that he was not brave; the man might intimidate him by threats of personal violence. The man might probably be some poor relation, or some one whom Poole had ruined, either in by-gone discreditable sporting days, or in recent respectable mercantile speculations. But at that ghastly look a glimpse of the real truth broke upon her; and she stood speechless and appalled. At this moment there was a loud ring at the street-door bell. Poole gathered himself up, and staggered out of the room into the passage.

His wife remained without motion; for the first time she conceived a fear of her husband. Presently she heard a harsh female voice in the hall, and then a joyous exclamation from Poole himself. Recovered by these unexpected sounds, she went mechanically forth into the passage, just in time to see the hems of a dark iron-gray dress disappearing within Poole's study, while Poole, who had opened the study door, and was bowing in the iron-gray dress obsequiously, turned his eye toward his wife, and striding toward her for a moment, whispered—"Go up stairs, and stir not," in a tone so unlike his usual gruff accents of command, that it cowed her out of the profound contempt with which she habitually received, while smilingly obeying, his marital authority.

Poole, vanishing into his study, carefully closed his door, and would have caught his lady visitor by both her hands; but she waved him back, and, declining a seat, remained sternly erect.

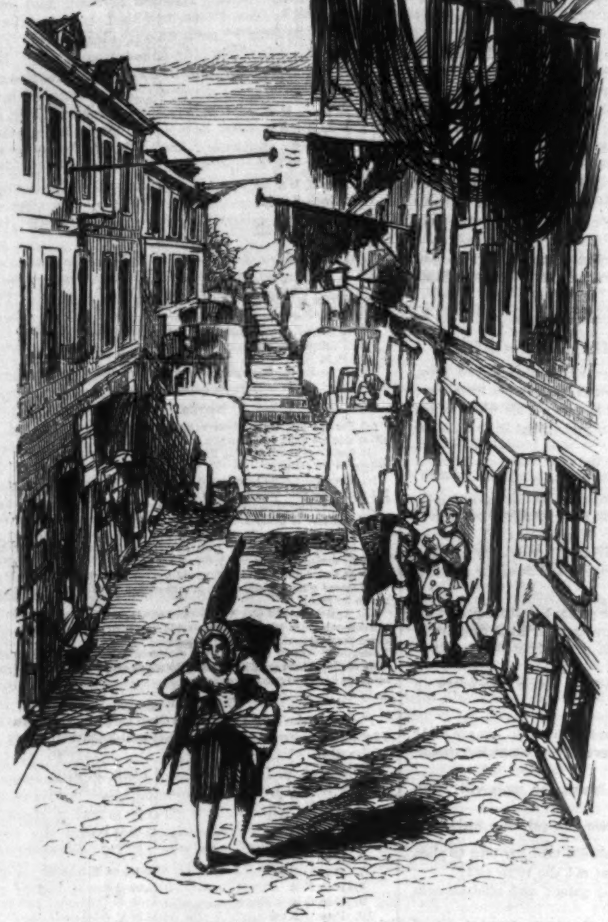
"Mr. Poole, I have but a few words to say. The letters which gave Jasper Losely the power to extort money from you are no longer in his possession; they are in mine. You need fear him no more—you will fee him no more."

"Oh!" cried Poole, falling on his knees, "the blessing of a father of a family—a babe not six weeks born—be on your blessed, blessed head!"

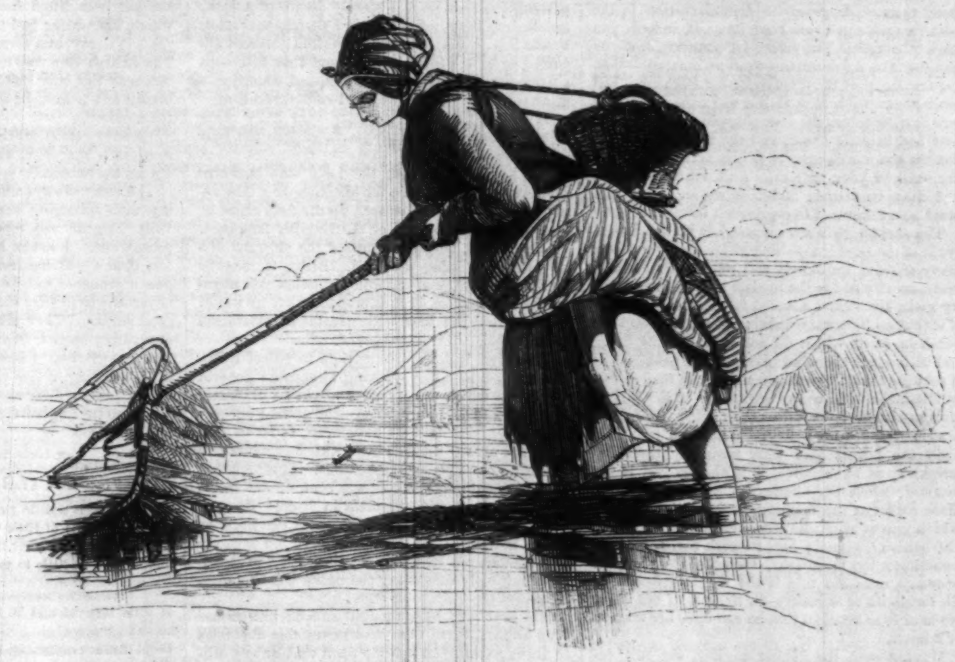
"Get up, and don't talk nonsense. I do not give you these papers at present, nor burn them. Instead of being in the power of a muddled, irresolute drunkard, you are in the power of a vigilant, clear-brained woman. You are in my power, and you will act as I tell you."

"You can ask nothing wrong, I am sure," said Poole, his grateful enthusiasm much abated. "Command me; but the papers can be of no use to you; I will pay for them handsomely."

"Be silent and listen. I retain these papers—first, because Jasper Losely must not know that they ever passed to my hands; secondly, because you must inflict no injury on Losely himself. Betray me to him, or try to render himself up to the law, and the documents will be used against you ruthlessly. Obey, and you have nothing to fear, and nothing to pay. When Jasper Losely calls on you to-morrow, ask him to show you the letters. He can not; he will make excuses. Decline peremptorily, but not insultingly (his temper is fierce), to pay him farther. He will perhaps charge you with having hired some one to purloin his pocket-book; let him think it. Stop—your window here opens on the ground; a garden without:—Ah! have three of the police in that garden, in sight of the window. Point to them if he threaten you; summon them to your aid, or pass out to them, if he actually attempt violence. But when he has left the house, you must urge no charge against him; he must be let off unscathed. You can be at no loss for excuse in this mercy: a friend of former times—needy, unfortunate, whom habits of drink maddened for the moment—necessary to eject him, inhuman to prosecute—any story you please. The next day you can, if you choose, leave London for a short time; I advise it. But his teeth will be drawn; he will most probably never trouble you again. I know his character. There, I have done; open the door, Sir."



STREET IN THE FISHERMAN'S QUARTER, BOULOGNE.



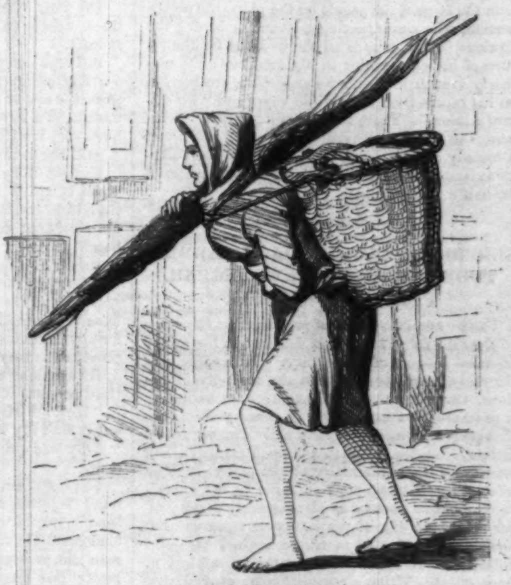
SHRIMPING AT BOULOGNE.

BOULOGNE.

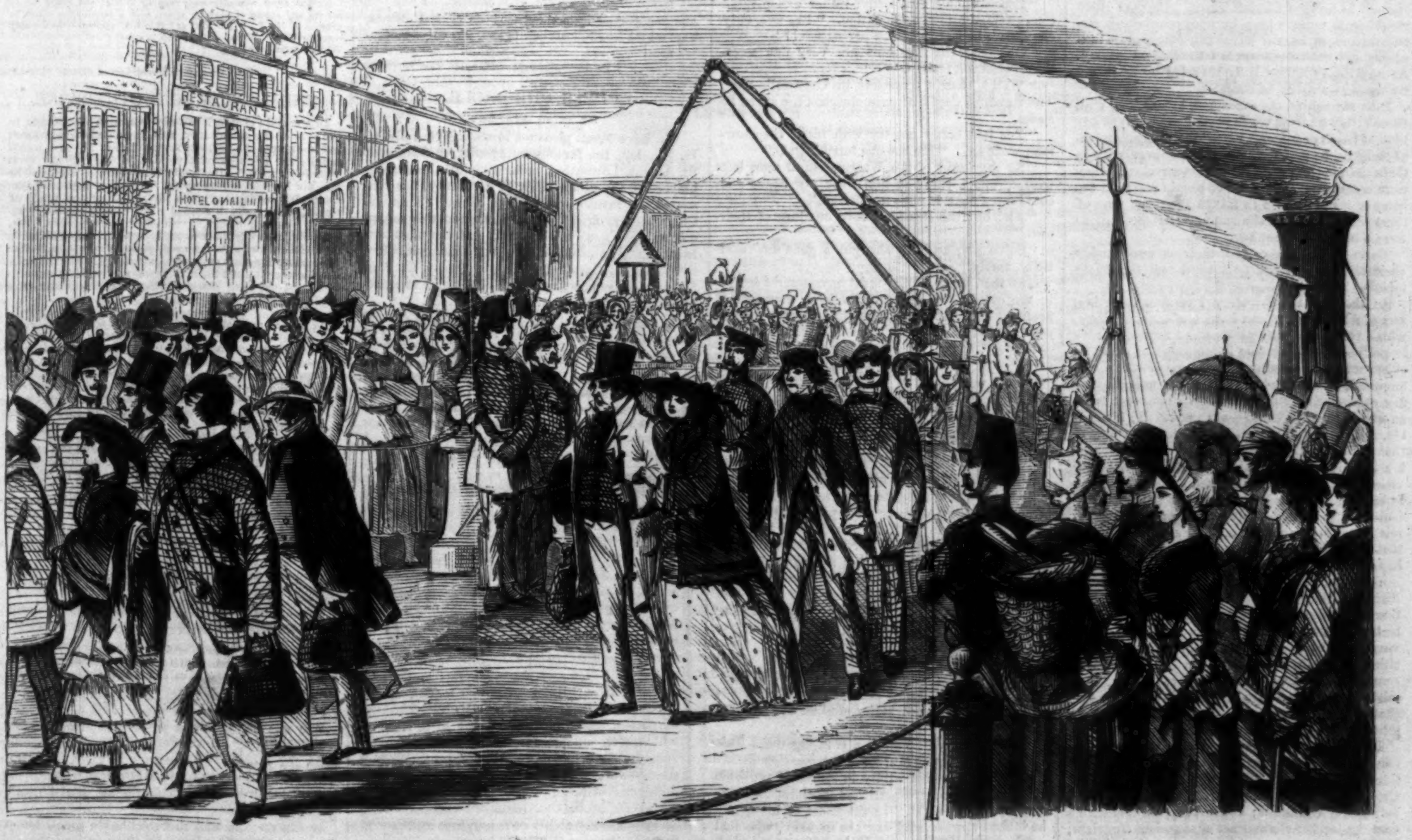
I SUPPOSE that every American who has visited France by the way of England—as every American who is not imbued with Anglophobia is sure to do—has been, at least once in his life, to Boulogne. It is the natural landing-place of visitors to France.

Time was when Calais was the connecting link between our forefathers and the French. Every body remembers the absurd story of Elizabeth, who, in her starched way, swore that, for giving up Calais to the French, the name would be found after her death engraven on the stone she carried about in place of a heart. I am not informed whether any anatomical researches were made to verify the assertion of the maiden Queen. But for a hundred years or more Calais was engraven on the heart of many English gentlemen who had the misfortune to be incapable or unwilling to pay their debts at home. When the *régime* of steam began Calais paled its ineffectual fires. Boulogne was nearer, and more easily got at. The English deserted Calais in a body, and its sun set. A railway leading from Paris and Rheims to Neufchatel, and thence to Boulogne, was built; and from that time Boulogne became not only the natural landing-place of every traveler who visited France from England, but also the home of those unhappy Englishmen whom the benighted English laws regarding debt keep in exile.

To Americans the chief peculiarity of Boulogne is its fishing characteristics. In days of yore, when Calais still reigned, Boulogne was a mere fishing-station. When civilization and insolvent Englishmen burst upon the primitive village the fishers discreetly retired with their wives and families to a remote corner of the town. There they still abide. There is a part of Boulogne—which strangers rarely penetrate—inhabited solely by fishermen and their kith and kin. Our illustration gives a fair idea of the principal street in the piscatorial quarter. They are good people who live here. If the men are rough, they know the sea and the inhabitants thereof as well as any native of Cape Cod. If the women wear short petticoats, their hearts are in the right place. They are a high and mighty people, these fishers. They rank, in their own estimation, far above mere traders. And if the daughter of a genuine Boulogne fisherman were to marry a trader in dry goods, groceries, coal, or lumber, she would instantly be tabooed by her tribe. Walk through the "fishers' quarter." Try to make friends with the rude sons of the sea. The men say nothing; they are in the habit of leaving their thinking to be done by their wives. But the females of the fishing population are sharp as the most experienced ferrets of society polite; they will soon discover whether you are engaged in trade; and if you are, expect no warm welcome



BOULOGNE SHRIMP-WOMAN.



PASSENGERS LANDING AT BOULOGNE FROM THE FOLKESTONE BOAT.

from them. A generous commiseration is the best reception you can hope for. If, indeed, you are a "bourgeois," traveling for pleasure, or if you happen to be a fisherman—even an amateur—then the fair ladies of the "Quartier des Pêcheurs" will receive you with true Gallic warmth. The best fare at their table, the best place in their boat, the best bed in their house, and the red cheek of the hostess and her daughters to kiss night and morning, will be your portion. And, let me tell you, you may go farther and fare worse. But you must be a fisherman to enjoy such luxuries.

The shrimp girls are supposed to be the lowest grade of the Boulogne fishing girls. In early youth many of them are comely and well-made. Americans, accustomed to the modest attire of our country girls, are at first amazed to see young women of seventeen to twenty walking the streets and the beach in skirts which do not approach the knee, and with which the wind plays absurd pranks. It is said (but this is, perhaps, a scandal) that in early youth the wind treats the morals of the shrimp girls as cavalierly as it does their skirts; if it does, it soon changes its policy. Wind and rain soon stain the fairest face with unsightly tints and wrinkles; at twenty-five, if a shrimp girl is not married, adieu her chances of love in this life. Hers to delve the foaming surf for the delicacy which graces every dinner-table in every town on the British Channel; hers to work early and late, sometimes by moonlight, sometimes under the noonday sun—the tide is the regulator—well or ill, fortunate or unlucky—for the rest of her days. No man is so hopeless that he can offer her a home or a heart.

Having seen the fishing quarter, the only remaining sight to see at Boulogne is the arrival of the Folkestone steamer, with its cargo of sweet-faced English girls, pudding-headed Englishmen, and monstrous-looking Germans and Frenchmen. It is interesting to watch the boat arrive, and to scan the faces of the people on the pier—the pretty women, who are expecting husband or lover; the anxious debtor, who is on the look-out for the return of his embassador to his creditors; the motherly French woman, who expects to see her son on his return from his terrible voyage to "far distant Albion." There never was a group of human beings in which a discerning eye could not detect a comedy and a tragedy; the arrival of the Folkestone boat at Boulogne invariably supplies material for half a dozen dramas.

SURPRISING MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE OF CAPT. BILLY TREGEAR.

A TOUGH CORNISH LEGEND.

I MUST admit, by way of preface, that the story of Captain Billy Tregear is deficient in the rather essential element of probability. But as it is considerably more strange than the majority of fictions, there is proverbial authority for assuming it to be true. I can assert one thing positively—that such a person as Captain Billy Tregear really had an existence. But this is weak evidence, and establishes the authenticity of the incidents to be related, ascribed by popular belief to his experience, about as clearly as Mrs. Quickly's story of her neighbor's dish of prawns made out a case of breach of promise of marriage against Sir John Falstaff; or as the existence of the horse-block in front of Mr. Willet's establishment proved that Queen Elizabeth had once visited the May-pole.

However, I will tell the story as I used to hear it:

Captain Billy Tregear was bound on the *visite de rigueur* to London Church Town. Captain Billy would seem to have been in more comfortable circumstances, or he may have been simply more luxurious and extravagant, than the listless Jemmy. At any rate, Captain Billy traveled by mail, not by wagon—outside, of course.

Billy sat behind the coachman, in company with three rather unusual coach passengers. But as any kind of coach or passenger would have been unusual to Billy, he perhaps saw no more singularity in them than in the rest of his fellow-travelers. They were certainly not the kind of people one is in the habit of meeting even in mixed society. One of them was an Italian showman. His companions were a bear and a monkey.

Captain Billy accepted their companionship cheerfully, as a perfectly natural and legitimate incident in his above-ground experiences.

At the outset of my story I confess there is a sort of Alpine or Rubicon barrier of improbability, which the reader may perhaps find some difficulty in getting over. But he is requested to make an effort, with the assurance that, this obstacle surmounted, he will find the rest of our mutual journey comparatively plain sailing. He must make an effort, then, to believe—as implicitly, if possible, as I myself did when I first heard the story—that Captain Billy Tregear, either from a defective knowledge of mankind, or from an impaired vision—the result of having had the sun too much in his eyes, whether in the literal or the metaphorical sense (both cases being possible to a Cornish miner just come above-ground for a holiday)—mistook the bear for a human being, outlandish perhaps and taciturn, but undeniably human.

You must bear continually in mind that Captain Billy had risen from the ranks to his present distinction in the depths of a tin mine. What could he know about man and beast in the upper, sun-lit world? I could point out a score of gentlemen, either of whom, happening to be Billy's traveling companion on the occasion, might easily have been mistaken by Billy for a bear. Is it then a wonder that the simple, untutored Cornishman should have mistaken a bear for a gentleman?

I fear, in order to make my story at all probable (the difficulty enlarges as I approach it), I must fall back upon and cling to the hypothesis that Captain Billy had mounted the coach in a hazed and muzzy condition; and had come armed with a case-bottle after the manner of sagacious travelers; that he could not have been in a state to judge by ocular demonstration of the outlines of his fellow-passengers; that he was merely aware of a dark, huddled-up figure of some kind sitting peaceably beside him, whose outer and tangible garment appeared to be of a furry texture, and that Billy—as a natural consequence of his assumed condition—was disposed to be sociable and communicative.

The legend proceeds to state that Billy made several unsuccessful attempts to engage the bear in conversation.

We have hinted that the bear was taciturn. There was every excuse for his observing this apparently churlish demeanor. In the first place, he was naturally ignorant of the English language. In the second, he labored under the physical disadvantage of being muzzled. Billy, it may be fairly supposed, was not able to notice this physical inconvenience, or it is probable that he would have treated the bear with greater consideration than he did.

However, it took a long time to offend Billy. He wanted to talk. Having exhausted general topics—in which the stranger might be naturally indisposed to take an interest—the gallant but perhaps (well, yes, he must have been, so let us consider the matter settled) intoxicated captain, proceeded to more personal questions. It struck him that he would start a delicate compliment to his neighbor's taste and judgment in dress. Now, to withstand that kind of blandishment one must be a bear indeed!

"Famous top-coat that o' yourn, Sir," said Billy, admiringly smoothing the bear's left shoulder. Beautiful top-coat, to be sure!"

The bear may have thought so too; but, as has been shown, there were insurmountable obstacles to his expressing an opinion upon that or any other subject.

"Good sort of coat that for the pits," pursued the undaunted Billy. "Water 'd trickle off it just the very thing like off a oont's[*] back. Wouldn't it, now?"

The bear was obstinately silent; and here, I think, he was to blame. He might have grunted, at least.

Bill was not yet beaten. He pursued:

"Excuse my freedom, Sir, as a poor man and a perfect stranger; but might I ask what would be the cost of a top-coat like that, for I should like to have one, if within means?"

Still the bear didn't say a word.

Captain Billy was now fairly huffed. Human blood is apt to get warm down in those gaseous tin mines, and Billy felt this was a poor return for his persistent civility. He opened and shut his hands, loosened his biceps muscles, and clutched at the air as if meditating vengeance, in a Cornish manner, at the earliest opportunity. Having grasped and thrown a few imaginary foes over the back of the coach, and feeling himself in training for any encounter, Billy deliberately proceeded to provoke the bear by insult.

He spoke at that unoffending personage in the third person.

"Well! I ain't a judge of breeding, perhaps, but it ain't my idea of a gentleman!"

Billy was quite right. The bear was no gentleman.

The showman here interposed. He fully understood the state of the case, which he had watched from its commencement. Nursing his monkey affectionately in his lap (and winking at the coachman and passengers), he said to Captain Billy—in pretty fair English—with a mischievous Italian smile,

"You must not be offended with him. He does not understand your language. He is a Russian."

"Rooshan, eh? said Billy, rather exasperated than pacified by the explanation. "Bra-ave, ugly chap, sure he is, too. Can her wrussel?"

"Oh yes; the Russians are very fine wrestlers," said the Italian.

"Well! there's wrusslers in Cornwall, too." The wrathful Captain again clutched the air as he spoke.

"You had better not try with him," the showman went on. "He has one terrible grip."

"So they said of the Westmoreland man last winter, but I throwed him over my head, and could have done it with my hat on."

"Ah! but the Russians have one hug of their own."

"So've we; and it's thought a good'un," said Billy, tartly.

And then I think Billy must have sought solace in the case-bottle, and fallen asleep, murmuring contemptuous defiance against the Rooshan nation collectively.

History, at any rate, insists upon the fact that, at the first halting-place, Captain Billy, on descending, staggering or tumbling from the roof of the coach, knocked against his late neighbor, the bear, lately assisted by his master in descending to *terra firma*, to the admiration of numerous bystanders, and became indignant at what he conceived to be a fresh insult to the British flag at the hands of perfidious Muscovy. Billy rushed blindly at his insulter, whom he seized by the shoulders, after the manner of his county, preparing to initiate him into the mysteries of the Cornish hug.

The bear, of course, didn't like this; and retaliated after the custom of his race and district. Equally, as a matter of course, Captain Billy Tregear didn't like that.

"Here, I say," Billy gasped, rapidly collapsing within the slowly closing hug of his adversary, "this ain't wrussling!"

The bear was impervious to argument as on former occasions. To his horror, Billy felt sharp fangs entering a fleshy portion of his torso. It was a pity he had not better studied the Russian character.

"Here, I say! You're a clau-ing me. This ain't fair! Help! Murder!"

Billy's eyes rolled wildly in search of probable rescue among the terror-stricken spectators. There was no help in sight. In the midst of his agony he looked upward, and saw the monkey, who had not yet been lifted from the seat on the coach to which his master had tied him. There was hope yet. Victory had already decided against Billy. The British flag was nowhere. Prompt capitulation was the only safety. With the remnant of breath left to him, he screamed out imploringly to the monkey,

"I say, young gentleman, speak to your father in his own language, and tell him if he'll loose go I'll ax his pardon."

The story always finished here. At the time of my first becoming acquainted with it, Captain Billy Tregear was reported to be still alive and prosperous. I never learned how he got out of Mr. Bear's clutches, and conjecture fails to suggest a probable means of his extrication. But I never like to inquire too closely into the reality of good stories. They always come out from the fire of scrutiny singed, like Michaelmas geese, of their feathery glories. I have not yet got over the pain of discovering, a few months ago, that Rob Roy was not only a dirty sheep-stealer, but that he sold a fight to the English Government in the great Scottish rebellion.

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[*] An "oont," reader, in Cornish dialect, means a mole.

"LIFE'S LITTLE GAME OF CARDS."

OH! Life, it is a little game, which little players play,
For little points of little worth, each in his little way;
And if you'll lend your little ears a little while to me,
You'll own, no little to your pride, what little folks are we!

If little Hope should be the stake, how little "ducks" and "dears"
Build little "castles in the air," on credit to Time's years;
If little castles tumble down, there is no little woe,
And little friends must kindly call to say "We told you so!"

If little Fame should be the game, how little people try
Each little trick to circumvent their little destiny;
A little book they forthwith print, their little minds to ease,
'Tis "heads or tails" it wins a name or—wraps up pounds of cheese!

If little Love is on the board, what little lies are said!
How little partners will "revoke!" what little "tricks" are played!
And when the little stake is won, the cards will "turn up cross,"
The little winner often finds he's gained a little loss!

If silliest Miss Sentiment should take her turn to play,
It is a very little while ere sad she turns away;
She knows but little of the game; and *vis-à-vis* doth stand
A rascal called Reality, who holds the better hand.

And so we play—Life's little ones—Life's little game of cards;
Life's little sovereigns, statesmen, wits, snobs, soldiers, lovers, bards;
Each playing for his little stake, as little *you* and *I*,
Till in a little while they drop the little cards and die!

Then round a little tomb doth stand a little crape-clad crowd,
Then little eyes shed little tears for their little friend in shroud;
Then a little stone—name, date thereon—tells flattering little lies;
Then little worms look on and laugh at poor mortalities!

Thus wrote, in soul-sick weariness, a silly little man,
Who'd wandered, little profiting, from "Beersheba to Dan,"
And found—poor little simpleton!—in cynical distress,
That all the length, from end to end, was only—barrenness!

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

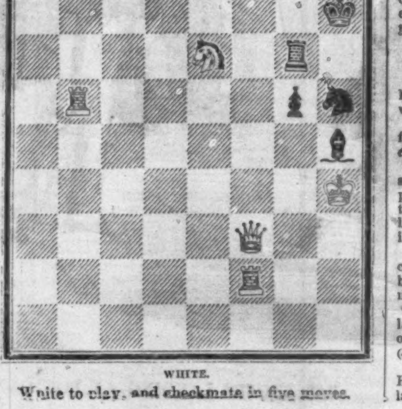
WE have much pleasure in stating that Mr. C. H. Stanley, the famous antagonist of Staunton, St. Amant, Löwenthal, and nearly all the leading players of the past quarter of a century, has consented to furnish us with a Chess Chronicle. Chess-players may rely on finding in this record all the chess news of the world, and the most hotly-contested games. At the present moment, when the players of Europe are being beaten by Mr. Paul Morphy, chess news can hardly fail to be interesting throughout this country.—*Ed. H. W.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. B. C.—We have pleasure in giving place to your beautiful Problem No. I. It is *number one* in more senses *than one.*

CHESS IN PARIS.—By a telegraphic dispatch we learn that, in an encounter with Herr Harwitz, Mr. Paul Morphy has experienced a defeat. One swallow, however, does not make a summer—nor a dinner either! We await the issue of a series of games between the same contestants.

PROBLEM I.—BY EUGENE B. COOK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and checkmate in five moves.

GAME I.

QUEEN'S PAWN TWO OPENING, OR SCOTCH GAME.

Played in New York in the year 1848, between Herr Löwenthal and C. H. Stanley.

	WHITE, *Stanley.*	BLACK, *Löwenthal.*
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3.	P to Q 4	P × P
4.	B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4
5.	P to Q B 3	P to Q 6
6.	P to Q Kt 4	B to Q Kt 3
7.	P to Q Kt 5	Kt to Q R 4
8.	B × P	P to Q 4 (*a*)
9.	K P × P	Q × P
10.	Castles.	B to K 3
11.	Q to K 2	Castles
12.	K Kt to K	K Kt to B 3
13.	P to Q R 4	K R to Q
14.	B to K 3	Kt to K Kt 5
15.	P to Q B 4 (*b*)	Kt × Q B P
16.	Q Kt to B 3	Q to R 4
17.	P to K R 3	Q Kt × B
18.	P to Q R 5 (*c*)	Kt × R
19.	P × B	Kt to Kt 6
20.	P × Q B P (*d*)	K × P
21.	Q to B 2	K to Kt
22.	P to Kt 6	P to R 3
23.	B × P	P × B
24.	Kt to Kt 5	R to Q B
25.	Kt to B 7 (*e*)	R to K 2
26.	R × P	Kt to K 7 (check)
27.	Q × Kt	R (from K 2) × Kt
28.	P × R (check)	R × P
29.	P × Kt	Q × P
30.	Q to Kt 5 (check, etc.)	

Drawn game (*f*)

NOTES.

(*a*) For the first ten or twelve moves we believe the plays on either side are quite orthodox and according *to Book.*

(*b*) Some very sharp fighting now ensues, and the position becomes critical in the extreme.

(*c*) The combination here developed by White is certainly daring, but we are inclined to believe it to be sound.

(*d*) In the original record this move is stated as "P × Q B P ch.," which renders it obvious that Black's King must have stood on Knight's square, otherwise he would win easily by taking Queen with Knight, giving Check. This discrepancy is doubtless arising from the omission of a move by the scorer.

(*e*) At first sight, "Q to B 6" would appear to be a good move; but a second glance would show, in such case, a mate in four or five moves for Black.

(*f*) Against careful play White can not win, and after a series of checks—which, at White's option, could, of course, have been rendered perpetual—the game was abandoned as drawn. During Mr. Lowenthal's stay in this country a considerable number of games were contested between the parties to the above encounter; the result being, as nearly as possible, *a tie.*

GAME II.

Played at the New York Chess Club between Theodore Lichtenhein, President, and another well-known member of the Club.

	WHITE, *T. L.*	BLACK, *D. J.*
1.	P to K B 4 (*a*)	K Kt to B 3
2.	P to Q B 4	P to K 3
3.	K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
4.	Q to Q B 2	B to Q Kt 5
5.	P to Q R 3	B to K 2
6.	P to Q 4	P to Q 4
7.	P to Q B 5	K Kt to K 5
8.	P to K 3	B to Q 2
9.	B to Q 3	P to K B 4
10.	P to Q Kt 4	P to Q Kt 3
11.	P to Q Kt 5	Kt to Q R 4
12.	P to Q B 6	Q B to B sq
13.	Kt to K 5	B to K B 3
14.	Castles	Castles
15.	P to Q R 4	B × Kt
16.	B P × B	Q to K R 5
17.	B to Q R 3	R to B 2
18.	R to K B 4	Q to K R 3
19.	Q R to K B sq	P to K Kt 4
20.	K R to K B 3	Q Kt to Q B 5
21.	B × Q Kt	P × B
22.	Q × Kt (*b*)	P × Q
23.	R × R (*c*)	

NOTES.

(*a*) Mr L. adopts this style of opening in order to throw his friend D. J *off the track*, the latter gentleman having an ugly habit of playing "K P 1," when receiving the Knight, in reply to the ordinary advance of "P to K 4;" which, when a piece is given, is a defense hard to break through.

(*b*) Our principal reason for laying this game before our readers is for the purpose of calling attention to the daring and brilliant attack which Mr. L. now opens, and which commences with the sacrifice of his Queen. Mr. J.'s play on the present occasion is, by the way, in no respect up to his usual standard.

(*c*) The game was ultimately won by White: and really we do not see any course of play by which such a termination could be avoided by Mr. J. "Q to R 4" or "B to R 3" appears to be his only recourse to stave off instant loss; and, in either event, we should take White's game for choice.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

IN a certain city in Kentucky is a man who stands, in the eyes of the community, as a passable business man; but to express the position he assumes in his own, would require the addition of several adjectives to the term "business man." But pride must have a fall; and he had his lowered several pegs. A Boston firm sent him a circular setting forth the virtues of several kinds of clocks, among which ranked "fine mantle clocks," "elegant wee-wag clocks," "superior town clocks," etc. Without knowing the reason, he determined to invest in *town* clocks, and gave an order to Messieurs, the Boston gentlemen, for *sixty superior town clocks.* The mistake was discovered when the invoice was received. It amounted to $36,000, each clock costing $600. A compromise was immediately effected.

At one of the hotels in Washington several members of Congress made themselves conspicuous by calling to one another across the table, "Will the gentleman from Maine pass me the bread?"—"Will the gentleman from —— pass me the salt?" etc., etc. There was a gentleman present who was exceedingly annoyed by their conversation; and, turning to the waiter at the back of his chair, he politely requested, "Will the gentleman from Africa pass me the butter?"

During the stump-tail milk controversy of the present summer, a little eight-years-old boy, in Twenty-first Street, got off the following, and survived it: Having boiled eggs for breakfast, he happened to get a bad one on his plate, and, looking up to his mother with the most earnest disgust, said, "Ma, I sha'n't eat this egg, *I tell you;* for I know the hen that laid it was DISEASED!"

TELEGRAPHIC CONUNDRUMS.

Why was the Telegraph celebration like a peculiar kind of mattress?—Because it showed what Morse (moss) was good for.

The entrails of what kind of fish would have been good for the incasement of the submarine wire?—*Gut o' perches* (gutta-purchas).

What kind of horses, and how accoutred, are necessary to the maintenance of the Atlantic Telegraph?—A pair of *bays*, with a *bit* of cable between them, with plenty of water, without any *rains*, and a *bridal*, which has been justly termed the marriage of England and America.

Why was the Atlantic cable which was landed on this continent like the baptism of a Christian on his death-bed?—Because the *end* was sanctified by water in the name of a *Trinity.*

Why would a speech on board the *Niagara*, just before landing the cable, have been a proper display in honor of the event?—Because it would have been a *deck-oration* (decoration).

Why is the Atlantic Telegraph like the population of England?—Because, without the British *capital*, it would lack *several millions* of being what it is.

HOW ALLIGATORS ARE CAUGHT DOWN SOUTH.

"When I was in the West Indies, Government offered a bounty for alligator hides. All sorts of traps were put into requisition, but the game was too knowing, and avoided all places which bore the slightest suspicion of foul play. Bullets had no effect upon their general health, and there seemed but little prospect of making any thing out of it. All attempts proved failures, and were on the point of being given up, when a Yankee appeared on the ground, who thought there might be a chance for a speculation after all. First he set about studying the habits of the animal, and noticed, among other peculiarities, that when it came out of the water early in the morning, it walked up the embankment, probably in quest of food, and when returning took the same track *invariably*, and entered the water at the same spot from whence it emerged. If the ground was disturbed during its morning excursion in its path, it might be seen walking over it slowly and with the greatest apparent caution, but NEVER *to leave its track.* Our observing Yankee took his measures accordingly. Watching his opportunity when the alligator leaves the swamp, he crawls noiselessly after it, and plants a thin stick into the sand, directly in the middle of the furrow made by the reptile's tail; then following it by a roundabout way, marks the spot where it turns to go back, and there also puts a stick into its furrow. Alligator is about entering the water, when he spies stick No. 1 right ahead of him in his track. He stops, eyes it attentively for a minute or two, during which time he is supposed to exclaim, mentally, 'Well there! I'll bet a five somebody has been here and put up a trap!' etc. Yankee mentally defies him to put up his money. Alligator suspects, and declines walking over that stick; consequently turns about, and with a negative flourish of its latter end, implying strong doubts as to any body's ability to come it over him, wends his way back to the other end of his journey, when lo! stick No. 2 meets his astonished gaze. He stops, ruminating in his mind what all this means, and declares that he never saw the like of it; and muttering and growling, turns to go home. He walks along thoughtfully until he comes to stick No. 1, and having probably forgotten that he saw it before, is confounded beyond measure at the singularity of these demonstrations, so he concludes to try the other end, where, of course, he finds stick No. 2; and there the poor creature keeps walking back and forth between the two sticks until he gets so used up that ...."

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave: it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

A White Mountain guide thus philosophically explains why it is that young ladies are more venturesome on the edges of precipices than the youths of the sterner sex: "A gal," says he, "when she gets into a ticklish place, allers expects a feller will be a holding on to her, and she does it just out o' bravery [bravado]. But a man, when he makes a fool of himself in that way, knows he's got to stand it himself."

"My native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her still is all that you do love."

Hood had a way of perpetrating puns peculiar to himself. What can be better than this description of Ben Battle in his conflict:

"The cannon ball took off his legs,
And he laid down his arms."

"Brudder Pete, did you see him see de log afore you saw him saw it?"

PETE. "De uninterlectual stupendity of some niggers is perfectly incredulous! Why, I seed him saw it afore I saw him see, it's a consequential ensurance dat he saw he saw'd it afore he saw he seed it; but he couldn't help seein' he saw it afore he saw he saw'd it; for ef he saw de sawin' afore he saw de seein' or de sawin', consquinchilly he must a saw'd it afore he seed it, which is absurdedly—darefore, I must a seed it afore I saw it; *quoddy rat demonstratum.*"

Why is a hen, sitting on a fence, like a cent?—Because she has a head on one side and tail on the other.

Quoth Patrick of the Yankees: "Bedad, if he was cast away on a disolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' an' go around sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

A governess, advertising for a situation, says, "She is a perfect mistress of her *own tongue.*"

A gentleman had a bad memory; a friend, knowing this, lent him the same book seven times over; and, being asked afterward how he liked it, replied: "I think it an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

"John," said Mr. B., the other day, to his son, "John, you are lazy; what on earth do you expect to do for a living?" "Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a Revolutionary pensioner."

A man who was sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she, "for you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called insects."

A lady declared that she never could see
How the men could all smoke—"Why, it kills 'em," said she.
"I don't know," said Sam—"there's my father—ain't slow—
Who smokes every day, and he's eighty, you know."
"But, Sir, if he never had used the vile weed,
He might have been ninety—he might, Sir, indeed."

Some years ago a bill was up before the Alabama Legislature for establishing a Botanical Medical College at Wetumpka. Several able speakers had made long addresses in support of the bill, when one Mr. Morrissett, from Monroe, took the floor. With much gravity he addressed the House as follows: "Mr. Speaker, I can not support this bill unless assured that a distinguished friend of mine is made one of the professors. He is what that college wishes to make for us, a regular root doctor, and will suit the place exactly. He became a doctor in two hours, and it only cost him twenty dollars to complete his education. He bought a book, Sir, and read the chapter on fevers, and that was enough. He was called to see a sick woman once, so he tucked his book under his arm, and off he went. She was a very sick woman indeed, and he felt her wrist, looked in her mouth, and then, turning to the husband, asked solemnly if he had 'a sorrel sheep?' 'Why, no, I never heard of such a thing,' said the man. 'Well, there is such things,' said the doctor, nodding his head knowingly. 'Have you got a sorrel horse then?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I drove him to the mill this morning.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'he must be killed immediately, and some soup made of him for your wife.' The woman turned her head away, and the astonished man inquired if something else would not do for the soup, the horse was worth a hundred dollars, and was all the one he had. 'No,' said the doctor, 'the book says so, and if you don't believe it I will read it to you—"Good for fevers—sheep sorrel or horse sorrel." There Sir.' 'Why, doctor,' said the man and his wife, 'it don't mean a sorrel sheep or horse, but—' 'Well, I know what I am about,' interrupted the doctor; 'that's the way we doctors read it, and we understand it.' Now," continued the speaker, amidst the roars of the House, "unless my sorrel doctor can be one of the professors, I must vote against this bill." The blow most effectually killed the bill, it is needless to state.

As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with, "Don't be in a hurry Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this morning?" "Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

Oh, the jolly brook trout!
Bless his spotted side!
He's a pretty cretur swimmin',
But he's prettier bein' fried!

On a recent occasion, at a village on the Sciota River, some boatmen were very much annoyed by the swarms of mosquitoes, and were complaining of them in presence of a stalwart darkey, who remarked that "the skeeters didn't trubble him." On hearing this, one of the boatmen bet him a quart of whisky that he couldn't lie upon the deck face downward, with his bare back exposed to the attack of the *blood-suckers*, for ten minutes. Nothing daunted, the darkey immediately placed himself in the required position, and the mosquitoes in large numbers began to *present their bills* in the usual mode. He endured their attacks without wincing for some five or six minutes, when one of the boatmen, perceiving that he would certainly win, procured a splinter of pine wood, and inserting it in the fire, applied the burning end lightly between the shoulders of the victim, who, bringing his hand around with a tremendous slap, exclaimed, "I kin stan' de *common* skeeters; but dat's a real gallinipper!"

Sambo having *nearly* won the prize, the boatman compromised by giving him a *pint* of whisky, and he was soon in a condition that defied the attacks of *either* "skeeters" or gallinippers.

Every one knows the custom which is prevalent in conversation before children, of *spelling* certain words, which they do not wish them to understand. A little girl of some five summers was just learning to spell. The above custom had been freely practiced in her presence, and she had got so that she understood why it was done. One day she was playing with a little friend, and her brother was teasing her. Wishing to get away from him, she turned to her companion and said, "May, let's go up stairs and play with the D-O-L."

There are various ways of pronouncing the word *tomato*. I formerly spoke it as if spelt to*may*to, until after the occurrence which I shall now relate. Some years since, while dining at a hotel in this city, I accosted one of the *colored gemmen* as follows:

"Waiter, hand me the to*may*toes!"

The negro looked puzzled for an instant, and glanced his eye up and down the table, until it lighted upon some *potatoes*, which he politely handed me. I rejected the dish, and said,

"I asked for the to*may*toes!"

"Yes, Sa!" he answered, his face assuming the same puzzled look as he glanced over the table, until, seeing a dish of *egg-plant*, he brought it to me.

Now, as I am extremely fond of this delicious vegetable, I helped myself plentifully to it—when, thinking he had discovered what I at first asked for, he leaned down and patronizingly whispered in my ear—

"We don't call 'em dat here, Sa! *we calls 'em egg-plants!*"

I will only add that when I asked for the "*tomatlusses*," they were immediately handed to me.

When Lord Townsend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Provost of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating solicitations for "places." "My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give except a captaincy of dragoons." "I accept it then," replied the Provost. "What, you take a captaincy!" answered his lordship. "Zounds! it is impossible; I only meant it as a joke." "And I accept it," replied the Provost, "merely to show you how well I can take a joke!"

Cardinal de Retz desired Menage to give him a few lectures on poetry. "For," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought me every day that I ought to seem at least to be somewhat of a judge." "It would be hard," replied Menage, "to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism without spending too much of your time. But I advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then exclaim, 'Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!' Ninety-nine times in a hundred you will surely be right."

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages to explain the *path*ology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in two syllables—zigzag!

The Scotch sometimes make as amusing blunders as the Irish. At a meeting of the inhabitants of Gorbals, Baillie Mitchell in the chair, it was coolly resolved and unanimously agreed, amidst rounds of applause, that a new bridge be erected on the site of the present wooden one, at the foot of Portland Street, and that the bridge trustees be requested to repair and keep open the said wooden bridge *till the new one be built.*

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Sept.* 27, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Sept. 25, 1858	$4,611,692	$1,047,270
Corresponding week, 1857	3,596,747	1,170,145
Increase	$1,014,845	
Decrease		$122,875

The export of specie was less than half a million, there having been no steamer from Boston.

Money is unchanged in value. Loans in demand on the best securities are made at 3½ @ 3 per cent., and paper sells at 4½ @ 5½ @ 7, according to quality and date. Exchange on Europe is high, and a heavy shipment of specie is expected on Wednesday. A California steamer will be due this week to replace the amount shipped.

In the Stock Market, the only movement of consequence has been the rise in Pacific Mail Steamship shares and Panama Railroad. The stock of both these companies has risen about five per cent. on the strength of the increased traffic they enjoy. The great railways to the West completed, on Saturday, their agreement for a new tariff and high rates of fare; the details have not been published. Their stock has not yet risen in consequence. The following has been the course of the Stock Market for the past week:

	Sept. 18.	Sept. 25.
Missouri 6's	84½	84½
La Crosse Land Grants	24	25½
Delaware and Hudson	98½	98
Pacific Mail	97	102
Panama	113½	117½
New York Central	78	78
Erie	17½	17
Hudson	27½	27
Reading	47	47
Michigan Southern	23½	23
Michigan Central	55	50½
Galena	83½	82
Rock Island	68½	64½
Toledo	33	32
Illinois Central	76	79
La Crosse	2½	3½
Milwaukie and Mississippi	10½	14

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept.* 27, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite brisk for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, prices of which have advanced. The receipts, as well as the available supplies, have been moderate, and receivers have not been eager to sell....Cotton has been in better request at firmer rates....Provisions have been depressed....Coffee and Teas have been freely sought after, while Sugars and Rice have been less active....Naval Stores, Tobacco and Wool have attracted more attention at strengthening figures....Privately, the Dry Goods trade exhibits less vigor, the heaviest Fall orders having been filled. Yet the demand is good for desirable domestic productions, and prices of such are, for the most part, fairly sustained. The heavy auction sales of foreign fabrics have checked private transactions. Desirable styles of Dress Goods are less freely offered, and are wanted at good prices. Otherwise, the current movements are moderate, and prices are heavy and irregular. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $1,751,079 against $1,338,201 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $46,473,436 against $80,972,596 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 90	@	$5 25
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 25	@	5 80
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 25	@	5 50
Extra Western, per barrel	5 60	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 90	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 75	@	6 60
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 85	@	8 62½
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 15	@	4 85
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@	1 28
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	72	@	76
Rye, per bushel	78	@	80
Barley, per bushel	90	@	1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	48½	@	52
State Oats, per bushel	46	@	50
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	40	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	13½	@	13¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 85	@	16 90
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 90	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 25	@	12 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	11½
State Butter, per pound	14	@	23
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	17
Cheese, per pound	4½	@	7½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	25	@	33
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	—	@	50
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	23
Hops, new, per pound	12	@	16
Hops, per pound, 1857	7	@	9
Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@	3 81½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50½	@	51
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 12½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@	1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	75	@	76
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

We annex a carefully prepared statement of the exports of the leading kinds of Breadstuffs from the Atlantic ports of the United States, from Sept. 1, 1857, to Sept. 1, 1858, and annually for eleven years preceding:

To Great Britain and Ireland.

From	To Date.	Flour, barrels.	Wheat, bushels.	Corn, bushels.
New York	Sept. 1, '58,	764,355	5,434,319	1,709,107
New Orleans	Sept. 1, '58,	282,149	610,251	851,184
Philadelphia	Sept. 1, '58,	94,043	170,400	493,383
Baltimore	Sept. 1, '58,	96,805	217,076	251,288
Boston	Sept. 1, '58,	3,667	—	8,920
Other Ports	Sept. 1, '58,	54,411	118,597	3,920
Total from Sept. 1, '57		1,295,430	6,550,643	3,317,802
To same time, '57		849,600	7,479,401	4,746,278
To same time, '56		1,641,265	7,958,496	6,741,161
To same time, '55		175,209	324,427	6,679,138
To same time, '54		1,846,920	6,038,003	6,049,371
To same time, '53		1,600,449	4,823,519	1,425,278
To same time, '52		1,427,442	2,728,442	1,487,398
To same time, '51		1,559,584	1,496,355	2,205,601
To same time, '50		574,757	461,276	4,753,358
To same time, '49		1,137,556	1,140,194	12,685,260
To same time, '48		182,583	241,309	4,390,226
To same time, '47		3,155,845	4,000,359	17,157,659
Total, for 12 years		15,346,639	43,240,334	71,628,530

To the Continent.

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Rye, bush.
From N. Y. to Sept. 1, '58	126,186	237,953	10,818	13,100
From other Ports to latest dates	176,914	152,475	6,030	—
Total to Sept. 1, '58	303,100	390,428	16,848	13,100
Total to Sept. 1, '57	483,344	2,875,653	543,590	216,162
Total to Sept. 1, '56	748,408	2,610,079	282,083	1,975,478
Total to Sept. 1, '55	7,763	4,972	308,428	35,509
Total to Sept. 1, '54	791,028	1,904,893	90,556	318,880

COMPARATIVE COTTON CROP STATEMENT—35 YEARS.

1857—8	3,113,962	1839-40	2,177,835
1856—7	2,939,519	1838—9	1,360,532
1855—6	3,527,845	1837—8	1,801,497
1854—5	2,847,339	1836—7	1,422,930
1853—4	2,930,027	1835—6	1,360,725
1852—3	3,262,882	1834—5	1,254,328
1851—2	3,015,029	1833—4	1,205,394
1850—1	2,355,257	1832—3	1,070,438
1849-50	2,096,706	1831—2	987,477
1848—9	2,728,596	1830—1	1,038,848
1847—8	2,347,634	1829-30	976,845
1846—7	1,778,651	1828—9	870,415
1845—6	2,100,537	1827—8	727,593
1844—5	2,394,503	1826—7	957,281
1843—4	2,030,409	1825—6	720,027
1842—3	2,378,875	1824—5	569,249
1841—2	1,683,574	1823—4	509,158
1840—1	1,634,945		

Freights were inactive. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5d. per bushel; and Heavy Goods, 12s. 6d. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port on Saturday was 825 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were heavy for Beeves, which were even more fully offered at somewhat lower prices....Milch Cows were in request at uniform rates....Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine have been more sought after, and have anvanced slightly....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Sept. 15.*	Week ending *Sept. 22.*
Beeves	4,708	5,304
Milch Cows	191	214
Veal Calves	570	587
Sheep and Lambs	12,563	12,807
Swine	7,390	10,305

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1774	Michigan	93
Ohio	870	Iowa	67
New York	829	Cherokee	63
Kentucky	258	Texas	54
Indiana	54		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 4½	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	6 00
" " per pound	3½	@	6
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been rather more active; supplies are ample; prices continue low.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$ 4 00
Pears, " "	1 50	@	15 00
Peaches, per basket	1 25	@	3 75
Plums, per bushel	2 50	@	6 50
Grapes, per pound	3	@	10
Lima Beans, per bushel	44	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 12½	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 75	@	3 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per barrel	87	@	1 12
Pumpkins, per 100	5 00	@	8 00
Corn, per 100 ears	37	@	62
Watermelons, per 100	1 50	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	62	@	2 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	20	@	25
Celery, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Egg Plants, per 100	3 00	@	—
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	—
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15½	@	16½
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13	@	14
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	62	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair	50	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	1 00
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00

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